

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1901.

The Week.

As we go to press, nothing has occurred to check President McKinley's happy progress towards recovery from the insensate attempt to take his life last week. His remarkable temperament has helped sustain him in a crisis too often fatal, and something of his equanimity has marked the way in which the public at large has faced what promised to be a serious calamity. The rejoicing is now universal.

Hysteria produces anarchy, and apparently anarchy in turn produces hysteria. Naturally, the attempt to kill President McKinley has provoked countless expressions of horror and of detestation, with many cries for swift and terrible punishment of the assassin. But no indignation at the signal lawlessness of Czolgosz should betray us into forgetting for an instant the fact that the remedy for anarchy is not counter-anarchy, but law. There has not been for years a more opportune moment for every citizen, from Portland to San Francisco, to ponder on this lesson. In the last few months our annals have been blackened by many crimes of violence; and mobs, no longer content with hanging negro ravishers, have begun to burn and torture with a malignity worthy of the veriest savages. The same ferocity has vented itself in shrieks to lynch Czolgosz and every other wretched anarchist; and, unhappily, these hysterical utterances have not been confined to the outcast and desperate classes. "I would have blown the scoundrel to atoms," said the Rev. R. H. Naylor, who occupied the pulpit in President McKinley's church in Washington on Sunday. The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage at Ocean Grove was equally strenuous: "I wish with all my heart that the policeman who arrested Czolgosz had, with the butt end of that pistol, dashed his life out." Moreover, the Rev. John Lloyd Lee, in the Westminster Presbyterian Church in this city, is credited with saying: "Until a better way is found, lynch him on the spot. When an anarchist makes red-flag speeches, then, and not when he has killed a President, be done with him." If such frantic talk be not anarchism, worthy of Emma Goldman herself, nothing is.

The Philadelphia *North American* has collected the opinions of Congressmen on the following question:

"Do you favor forbidding the entrance into the United States of those called anarchists and believing in the destruction,

overturning, and subversion of established government, and an amendment to naturalization laws making these principles a disqualification for citizenship?"

The *North American* says that every answer received has been in the affirmative, which, no doubt, reflects the state of public opinion at the moment, but the practical value of such legislation would be small. It would not keep out any anarchist who really desired to come to this country. Persons who have the purpose to assassinate the rulers of nations, and who take the pains and precautions to accomplish that end, would never be deterred from entering the United States by any regulations that it would be possible to enforce. Nobody who has the intention to commit murder will hesitate to take a false oath. If the attempt is made to bring in testimony concerning the intentions, opinions, beliefs, and affiliations of an arriving passenger other than that derived from personal examination, then anybody may be excluded by false testimony on mere suspicion. Practically, the onus of proving a negative would be thrown upon every person against whom a bad report had been lodged with the Superintendent of Immigration. A bill to exclude anarchists was introduced by Senator Hill of New York in the United States Senate in 1894, and it passed that body, but failed to pass the House, because it was believed to be impracticable. Of course, such a measure, if it had been in force, would not have prevented the murderous assault on President McKinley, since Czolgosz was born in the United States.

It gives us much pleasure to concur with President McKinley's speech at Buffalo, just before the attempt upon his life. We concur with it especially in its treatment of the subject of Reciprocity, and as to the grounds of his support of that policy. "The period of exclusiveness," he says, "is past." "The expansion of our trade and commerce," he continues, "is the pressing problem. Commercial wars are unprofitable. . . . Reciprocity treaties are in harmony with the spirit of the times; measures of retaliation are not." Here we find our long-time principles echoed, to our unfeigned satisfaction. But the passage which gives us most pleasure, since it goes to the bottom of the question, is the following:

"We must not repose in fancied security that we can for ever sell everything and buy little or nothing. If such a thing were possible, it would not be best for us or for those with whom we deal."

Our readers will recognize this line of argument as perfectly familiar in these columns. We need not assume any inconsistency in McKinley's latest views

of our trade policy. It is quite admissible for anybody to say that the times have changed, and that we should change with them; that the policy of restriction and exclusiveness which was proper a dozen years ago is no longer desirable; that a system which was intended to build up certain manufactures by tariffs, and enable them to compete in the world's markets, is neither justifiable nor profitable after the manufacturers have proved their ability to undersell foreigners in foreign markets. It is true that Mr. Blaine, whom President McKinley quotes with something like reverence, held these doctrines in respect of Reciprocity as far back as 1890, and that he smashed his hat on the table of a committee-room of the Senate where the McKinley Tariff Bill was under consideration, in order to express his dissent from it, and compelled the committee to adopt a reciprocity clause as a part of that measure. It is a sufficient justification for Mr. McKinley to say that he has learned much respecting foreign trade, as well as concerning the coinage of silver, since 1890, when he supported the Sherman Bill as the nearest approach to free coinage that was then possible.

Some of the English papers affect to see in the President's allusions to the "Isthmian Canal" (not the Nicaraguan Canal) a purpose of hostility to European Powers, and to Great Britain in particular; also, a disposition on his part to carry Monroeism to the extreme of excluding from the American Continent even European Powers which had possessions here before we became an independent nation. It is needless to say to those who have read the speech that such interpretations are not warranted by anything in it. On the contrary, there has seldom been any utterance from a public man on this side of the water, dealing with the canal question and our relations toward other American States, freer from Jingoism or anything like an offensive tone. For the spirit of amity and peace which pervaded the President's speech at Buffalo, he is entitled to all commendation.

Senator Hoar made some remarks before the Essex Club at Salisbury Beach, Mass., simultaneously with President McKinley's speech on Reciprocity at Buffalo last Thursday. The Senator said that he was not opposed in all cases to such commercial arrangements as the President recommended, but he felt bound to caution the manufacturers of New England "not to enter upon this great struggle, with all mankind as a competitor, by placing any fetters upon

their own limbs." What he meant by putting fetters on their own limbs was explained in the following manner:

"The possession of your own market is what has gained for you the power and the opportunity to enter upon foreign markets. Be careful that you do not throw away that vantage ground. Remember that nearly every considerable reciprocity treaty we have ever made, especially our old reciprocity treaty with Canada, has been a source of unmixed vexation, and you were eager to get rid of it as soon as its term expired."

In other words, apparently, if the present tariff enables the producers of anything to sell their goods at higher prices in the home markets than they sell the same in foreign markets, they had best not consent to any relaxation of the tariff which gives them such rare opportunities. It is to be hoped that the question of Reciprocity may be debated publicly in the Senate during the coming session, and that Mr. Hoar may be asked whether he really means this. It will be a good time then to ask him also what foundation he has for the assumption that the manufacturers of New England were dissatisfied with the old reciprocity treaty with Canada. Mr. Hoar says that it was a source of "unmixed vexation." Our recollection is that it was a source of general satisfaction to the manufacturers of the country, including those of New England, and that the real cause of its abrogation was the bad feeling growing out of the civil war and the operations of Confederate agents in Canadian territory. Without this cause of irritation, the old reciprocity treaty might have remained in force to this day. At all events, the manufacturers of New England would never have taken a step to abrogate it.

The Chicago *Tribune* has performed a valuable service in compiling a table of the illegal executions in each State of the Union during the last sixteen years, and a list of all that have been reported during the current year. Of all the States, Delaware, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, and Utah alone have been free from the stain of lynch law during a period in which the whole number of deaths at the hands of lynchers reached the appalling total of 2,516. Of this number, 2,080 took place in the Southern States, and 436 in the Northern; 51 of the victims were women, 1,678 were negroes, 801 whites, 21 Indians, 9 Chinese, and 7 Mexicans. Murder and rape were the excuses most frequently given for mob law, but 112 other reasons were assigned, some of the most extraordinarily petty nature, such as slapping a child, enticing away a servant, "unpopularity," voodooism, etc. Until 1900 there was a steady decrease in the aggregate annual number of lynchings. In 1892 the high-water mark of 236 was reached, which sank steadily to 200 in 1893, 189 in 1894, and to 107 in 1899. In 1900 there were 115, and in the first nine

months of 1901 there have already been 101. Of these victims of the present year, 76 were colored, 23 white, 1 Chinese, and one an Indian. Only 24 were murdered because of a charge of rape, and 27 because they had taken human life illegally. Five "suspected" cattle thieves and one case of "mistaken identity" are among them. One was put to death because he kept a gambling house, and another for an "unknown offence." To complete the statistics, there should have been given a table of the increase in burnings.

A blow more serious than at first sight appears is dealt the Amalgamated Association by the decision of the Bay View lodges to return to work. If this were merely an ordinary case where a few strikers desert the cause, it would indicate nothing more than further defection from the union ranks. The Bay View men have, however, occupied a peculiar position throughout the strike. After the refusal of the South Chicago lodges to obey the orders of Secretary Tighe, it practically rested with the unionists at Bay View and Joliet to decide whether the strike should have any prospect of success or should be at once nipped in the bud. A refusal to obey orders would have pricked the strike bubble in the West, and it was the obedience of these men that kept it from immediate collapse. When President Shaffer fell under the suspicion that he was exceeding his proper authority, it was the Bay View lodge that sent a competent delegate to Pittsburgh to investigate the real state of affairs, and his report threw much light upon the situation. The present action of these men has, therefore, a special significance, in view not only of their heretofore obedient conduct, but of the generally conservative attitude they have preserved throughout. It is worthy of note that, although a considerable number of members "bolted," the action was taken by the regular organization, and may therefore be considered representative of its opinion.

The adjournment of the General Executive Board of the Amalgamated Association without accepting or offering any terms of settlement for the strike, puts an unexpected face upon the steel situation. Furthermore, President Shaffer's announcement that no representative will be sent here to continue negotiations, may indicate that he has succeeded in forcing his own views of obstinate resistance to the Steel Corporation upon his associates. It is more probable that the Board found no proposal open to it at its meeting, and saw no way to reopen the negotiations closed by the expiration of the period for which the terms were to hold good. In such a case, no course but perfunctory continuance of the strike would be possible, unless

it should simply and plainly be declared at an end—a course that would mean the abandonment of all the issues involved. To continue this impossible strike seems like an incitement to illegal measures. Coupled with the unsatisfactory session of the Amalgamated Board, comes the news of the offer of greater violence by the union men than at any time during the thirty days in which the companies have been endeavoring to run the mills. As might have been expected, the main seat of difficulty is at McKeesport, where strikers on Monday drove from the mill gates over 1,000 men who were anxious to begin work. Since negotiations have been discontinued and men are at hand in sufficient numbers to carry on work, nothing is left but lawlessness. The issues are now no longer either moral or economic. The question to be solved is the preservation of order.

The action of the National Association of Stationary Engineers in declining to confine its membership to white men is most gratifying, and extremely creditable to the organization, in which only five men dared put themselves on record as being in favor of a color line. The Stationary Engineers, who roundly cheered the defeat of this attempt at race discrimination, have set an excellent example to laboring organizations throughout the country. The public does not yet realize how unjustly negroes are treated in every Northern city by their fellow-workmen, and how few are the unions to which they are admitted. The fact constitutes another serious indictment of the union system, for only those bodies can succeed in the long run which recognize ability and industry as the sole test of membership. It is easy to criticize the negroes for not advancing more rapidly as skilled artisans, but only by blinking the obstacles and discouragements constantly placed in their way. Such action as that of the stationary engineers will be an incentive to intelligent colored men the country over, whatever their line of occupation.

May a new Constitution be promulgated by the edict of the Convention which constructs it, or must it be submitted to the voters for their sanction? If submitted, shall it go before the existing electorate, or before the new one, if changes in suffrage qualifications are made, as is certain to be the case in Virginia? Point is lent to the current discussion in that State by the general opinion that the new Constitution would be rejected if submitted to popular vote, not only because of opposition to restrictions upon the suffrage from those affected by the change, but also because of other probable features, like a new judicial system, which would abolish the present popular "court day" at every county seat. There are plenty of Southern prece-

dents in recent years for the promulgation of a new Constitution by the convention which framed it, this course having been pursued between 1890 and 1900 in the States of Delaware, South Carolina, Louisiana, and Mississippi, and received without protest in any case. In no one of these four cases, however, did the legislative act which brought the convention into existence provide, as did the Virginia law of last spring, that the work of the body should be submitted to the "qualified voters" of the State. In no other case, either, had the dominant party in advance committed itself to this policy, as the Virginia Democrats did in their State Convention of 1900. Authorities like Mr. J. A. Jameson hold that "the act of Assembly under which a convention meets is its charter." Moreover, it is to be remembered that, in the Virginia case, the people of the State, at the same time that they decided to call the Convention, approved the proposal that its work should be submitted to them for approval or rejection. There are precedents, again, for submitting a new Constitution to those only who would have the right to vote under it. The Tennessee Constitution of 1834 and the Arkansas Constitution of 1868 were passed upon by an electorate different from that which had chosen the Convention itself. Mr. Jameson pronounces such a submission "not only a novelty, but a capital innovation, upon which might hang for the State concerned the most weighty consequences; unconstitutional and in the highest degree dangerous." So most candid observers will think.

Not since the period, a decade ago, when the overflowing surplus forced extreme measures on every Secretary of the Treasury, and when the Government spent upwards of \$100,000,000 annually in bond redemptions beyond the sinking-fund requirement, has a midsummer revenue statement paralleled that for the month of August. The detailed returns, issued by the Treasury on Thursday, show a surplus of \$6,042,628, which compares with an excess of August expenditure in five out of the six past years, the deficit repeatedly running above fourteen million dollars. The one exception in recent years—the surplus of August, 1894—stood alone in its year, and had its origin wholly in the abnormal receipts in advance of the new internal taxes. No such cause exists for the present surplus. There have been no unusually large receipts; on the contrary, internal-revenue payments during August declined \$4,017,000 from 1900. As we pointed out last week, in advance of the full official returns, it is the wholesale cut in expenses by the civil and military branches of the Government which has created this curious situation. What happened in August is still going on in September. Even in the full month of September, 1900, there was a handsome

surplus. If comparisons with 1900 continue in the ratio now observable during the remainder of the month, the Government will, by September 30, have taken from the market, on ordinary revenue account, at least ten million dollars.

Josiah Quincy's readiness to accept the Democratic nomination for Governor of Massachusetts and the assurance that it will be given to him by the State Convention, mean that the hold of Bryanism upon the organization of the party in that State is broken, and that its control has reverted to the element which was in power until the Chicago Convention of 1896. During the five years since then the party has cut a ridiculous figure, reflecting, as it generally has done, the freaks and fancies of George Fred Williams, who went to Chicago in 1896 an advocate of the gold standard, and returned a champion of free silver at the ratio of 16 to 1. Under such management, Democracy in Massachusetts has been not only weak, but ridiculous—a melancholy contrast with the party which elected William E. Russell to the Governorship three years in succession, about a decade ago. Mr. Quincy's decision has been represented as based in part on a belief that he stands a chance of election this year. It is quite safe to set this down as a figment of some reporter's imagination. Mr. Quincy is a cool observer, and he knows perfectly well that Governor Crane is as sure to be reelected as the 5th of November is to come. Gov. Crane had a plurality of nearly 100,000 last fall, and, while nothing like the figures reached in the year of a Presidential contest can be expected this fall, the result of the voting is a foregone conclusion. The Governor has steadily strengthened his hold upon the people since he took office, and it will be very hard for the opposition to pick any flaws in his administration. What Mr. Quincy has in view is not beating Gov. Crane this year, but making himself the leader of his party for future campaigns.

If Policeman O'Neill was unable and his legal advisers unwilling to produce direct evidence confirmatory of his charges against the Police Department at his trial on Monday, the public will none the less continue to believe in their truth. Moreover, the testimony of two other policemen confirmed the fact that a system of blackmail prevails. That the go-between who was brought into court would promptly deny his complicity was inevitable. As Mr. Baldwin said to Mr. York of the various denials of the charges of the three honest policemen, "Surely you did not expect anything else?" And Mr. York could only reply, "Oh, well, I don't know." Devery himself having urged his policemen to lie whenever they get caught, different conduct on the part of his witnesses was

out of the question. It was none the less refreshing to have some plain truths about his conduct at O'Neill's original trial told to the uneducated and unprincipled "tough" who now presides over the Police Department. Mr. Baldwin's pointed question as to the propriety of a trial at which the defendant was not allowed a hearing or witnesses in his own behalf, and at which law-breakers were urged to throw a policeman doing his duty "out of the window," met with no adequate response from the de-facto Chief of Police. For once that worthy was unable to browbeat or abuse the man who dared to oppose him. It is safe to say that, thick-skinned as he is, Devery will not forget the lesson of this experience even after he has again fined or has "broken" O'Neill. Meantime, fortunately for O'Neill, private indignation and generosity have assured his future, no matter what the punishment Devery and his fellow-conspirator York may mete out to him. It is a matter for pride that there are hundreds of citizens who are ready to pay handsome sums for the splendid object-lesson O'Neill has furnished, and for the privilege of seeing Tammany hit hard and fighting in self-defence. A mock trial in which Devery the prosecutor made motions and gave advice to the judge, was another illustration of Tammany methods, for which there will be a reckoning in November next.

Further light has been thrown on the great collection of Chinese loot which Secretary of Legation Squier is reported to have offered to the Metropolitan Museum. Mr. Runge, a collector of Chinese art, reports through the *Sum* that the greater part of the collection was originally the property of the Imperial Treasurer Yen Li Sen, whose efforts to protect foreigners during the Boxer revolt gained him the hatred of Prince Tuan and an honorable death under circumstances—to a man of his caste—of great ignominy. After the relief of the legations, Bishop Favier, so the story runs, who was no bad judge of Chinese art, weeded out the priceless collection of Yen Li Sen, leaving only the commoner articles for less expert looters. Finally Mr. Squier increased the collection which he was already forming, by purchase from the Bishop. In the light of this story the moral issue seems to be plain. Time and what Curator Story of the Museum calls "commercial experience" may yet outlaw the claim of China upon these objects, and their dispersion may reduce them to that obscurity which, as we said, no wise director seeks to penetrate. Meanwhile, we believe that the great museums should as little think of accepting such a gift as they would have consented to receive the famous astronomical instruments, the seizure of which raised an outcry throughout the civilized world.

THE PRESIDENT SPARED.

The attempt on President McKinley's life at Buffalo on Friday last touched, as it could not fail to do, the national feeling, instantly and deeply. Nor could any moral and humane person hesitate to denounce without reservation the infamy of a crime not to be excused were the victim the meanest, instead of the most exalted, citizen. The usual confusion of thought has arisen among partisans who grudged a simple expression of sorrow as incompatible with aversion to the President's policy. And, finally, rejoicing in the failure of the assassin's aim has been heightened, among sober friends as well as opponents of the Administration, by the dread of the Government's passing under a new and untried control in the person of the actual Vice-President.

The season of year, the exact interval of two decades, the foreign extraction of the criminal, have conspired forcibly to revive the memory of Garfield's fate. But there was wanting, in Mr. McKinley's case, that preparation for high tension in the public mind which grew out of Conkling's quarrel with the Administration over spoils, and the subsequent Senatorial deadlock which Guiteau, with method in his madness, sought to dissolve. Hence, the excitement of the past week has fallen short of that visible in this city, at least, in the summer of 1881. But, also, it must be confessed, we have had, in the unhappy past three years, a satiety of carnage and horror until we almost cease to feel. If Aguiñaldo had been shot while extending a friendly hand to Gen. Funston, as the President to Czolgosz, would our jaded pulse have been sensibly quickened above the normal beat with which we heard of the bloodless success of that stratagem? It could not be said in Garfield's time as now that we sip lynchings and negro burnings unmoved with our coffee at breakfast; and this fact alone speaks volumes regarding the prevailing callousness as to the taking of human life.

Another difference in the comparison is that Guiteau's purpose was political, while Czolgosz's motive might almost be called academic, a mere manifesto of a sect. A moral could be and was drawn by the friends of civil-service reform in the former case, in which the Vice-President himself was involved with the Senators from New York in an intrigue against the assassin's victim. A moral of some sort might have lain open to panegyrists and to a gravely reflecting public had the homicidal fanatic at Buffalo been a Filipino, a Cuban, a Steel-Trust striker, or a gloater over the daily cartoons of the yellow journals implicating the President with the Money Power. For this no room was left by the anarchist who simply proved that the most powerful ruler on earth, though styled a republican and chosen by uni-

versal suffrage, was no more exempt than any crowned head from the peril of sudden, malevolent extinction. The ruler, not the individual, was shot at, and vigilance alone, not reason, can avail against minds which learn nothing by seeing the succession of rulers keep even pace with the file of assassins.

While all will freely admit that President McKinley's hard experience has no lesson for him, unless it be not to expose himself so freely in public hereafter, some foolish journals and politicians teach that ordinary criticism of the Executive has tended to breed the maggot in Czolgosz's brain, and is, therefore, measurably responsible for the result. This is of a piece with the contention that anti-Imperialists in this country were guilty of the American lives lost in the Philippine campaigns. The extreme application of such nonsense would reduce us to a condition worse than that of the land of leze-majesty. All the safeguards of free speech would be gone in an instant, and we should witness the *reductio ad absurdum* of a form of free government which gave us chief magistrates dictated by the machine, straightway to become exempt from all adverse comment or the semblance of "disrespect." Mr. McKinley's philosophy not more than his temperament is our warrant for believing that he would laugh at such a pretension on the part of his flatterers. Any realizing sense, too, of the prayers offered up for his recovery by partisans and non-partisans who stand aghast at Mr. Roosevelt's replacing him, would make him see the value of independent judgment of those who occupy, as well as of those who may possibly occupy, the Presidential chair.

The President's good luck has once more, humanly speaking, been exhibited. He has disappointed his would-be murderer; he has every prospect of finishing out his term; his constancy may even be put to the test by a more or less genuine demand from his party that he revoke his resolution not to serve for a third term. In all this there is again a contrast to Garfield, who had given reason to doubt that his Administration would have increased his fame, and who was, by the best-informed, counted fortunate in being cut short. On the other hand, Garfield's character and talents were unquestionably exaggerated by the circumstance of his death, and some monuments were reared which would otherwise probably never have been thought of. Praise in excess of what he has received, Mr. McKinley is not likely to have, and there is still time for him to furnish grounds for a solid reputation which will outlast monuments.

BRITISH IMPERIALISM.

In considering the interesting paper of our Oxford correspondent, "Observer," on the causes of Imperialism

in England, the first thing that occurs to us is that Imperialism, Megalomania, or Jingoism, though there is a sudden access of it at present, is by no means so new a thing as "Observer" seems to assume. Was it not displayed in the highest degree by the Assyrian, the Babylonian, the Median, the Persian, the Macedonian, the Roman, the Saracen, the Turk, the Mogul, the Tartar, Philip II., Louis XIV., and Napoleon? Did it not, in the person of Napoleon, fill Europe with blood, havoc, and evil passions in pursuit of the objects of a chimerical ambition? Has it not strewn history with the wreck of empires which had no life, but only forcible conglomeration, while nations which had life have survived? If "bigness" is the aim of British policy, does British policy differ much from that of Timur or Genghis Khan?

Spanish historians open the reign of Philip II. with the imposing list of his possessions:

"He possessed in Europe the kingdoms of Castille, Aragon, and Navarre, those of Naples and Sicily, Milan, Sardinia, Roussillon, the Balearic Islands, the Low Countries, and Franche-Comté; on the western coast of Africa he held the Canaries, Cape Verd, Oran, Bougiah, and Tunis; in Asia he held the Philippines and a part of the Moluccas; in the New World the immense kingdoms of Mexico, Peru, and Chili, and the provinces conquered in the last years of Charles V., besides Cuba, Hispaniola, and other islands and possessions. And his marriage with the Queen of England placed in his hands the power and resources of that kingdom. So that it might well be said that the sun never set in the dominions of the King of Spain, and that at the least movement of that nation the whole world trembled."

Was not this Greater Spain, as truly as the "Observer's" dream is Greater Britain? Austria, being an empire and "big," is ranked by "Observer" among the great Powers which are destined to devour small nationalities, such as those of William the Silent and Gustavus Adolphus. The Austrian Empire was held together by fear of the Turk, and is now in the throes of dissolution.

We have no means of determining the exact number of the free population of Athens; but we may be pretty sure that it did not equal a fiftieth part of the present population of London. The population of Florence, when her influence on human progress was greatest, is believed to have been under a hundred thousand. Athens and Florence were not examples of "bigness," but they were examples of greatness, and of the difference between the two. However, both Athens and Florence did lapse into Imperialism, and deservedly became warnings of its effects. Beside the great harbor of Syracuse, we look upon the waters on which Athenian Imperialism met its doom; in the quarries of Syracuse we see its dungeon and its grave. To her cruel extinction of the independence of Pisa, Florence owed in some measure the extinction of her own.

The novelty lies chiefly in the modern

professions of motive. There was no nonsense about Timur or Genghis Khan. They did not talk about the brown man's burden, or pretend, as the Jingo does, to be enlarging the realm of civilization by wholesale slaughter and arson. Nor did they affect any compunction at having to use the exterminating sword. They made triumphal pyramids of heads. Their successors do not make triumphal pyramids of heads, though they receive with tolerable serenity daily returns of Filipinos or Boers shot down, and accounts of wounded Dervishes agonizing by thousands with unslaked thirst under the burning sun on the plain of Omdurman.

"The weekly report from the seat of war," says the *London Times*, "as given in Lord Kitchener's telegram of August 19, though not containing any striking successes, renders an account of much good work done. In the course of the week ended last Monday, sixty-four Boers had been killed, twenty wounded, and two hundred and forty-eight taken prisoners."

Whatever difference may exist is due to the penumbra of Christianity and international morality in which the Jingo still lingers, though there are signs of his approaching emancipation. The commercial element in our present Imperialism may perhaps be regarded as another novelty, though gold was the Spaniard's lure. Capitalist greed has played a considerable part in all these recent wars.

What is a "Little Englander"? Apparently an Englishman mean-spirited enough to think that his country is great in herself, instead of holding that she is great only in the precarious possession of a number of scattered dependencies, and in her dominion over three hundred millions of helpless and spiritless Hindus. Five-sixths of the Greater Britain are Hindu or of other totally alien races, far less capable of incorporation than were the dependencies of Spain, which were bound to the imperial country by the tie, especially strong in those days, of a common religion. Is this even strength, to say nothing of greatness? England is being overstrained in the attempt to retain the dominion of the seas which was hers at the close of the wars with Napoleon. These may be the days of Capt. Mahan and of exalted notions of sea-power; but they are not the days of Jervis, Duncan, Nelson, and Collingwood, when all sea-power but that of Great Britain had been annihilated at St. Vincent, Camperdown, Aboukir, and Trafalgar.

"Observer" says that the English people would not hear of withdrawal from Egypt. The conduct of England in taking possession of Egypt after her solemn disclaimers belongs, no doubt, to the advanced school of political morality. But, supposing the Mediterranean Powers should some day combine for the deliverance of their waters from British domination, would the sovereign will of the British people suffice to maintain

their possession of Egypt and Cyprus? Are not anxious whispers of apprehension on that subject already heard? Is it certain even that the native army of Egypt, though formed by England, will for ever remain faithfully subservient to a foreign Power?

"Observer" says, and says most truly, that the British statesmen of the last generation, including even the most conservative of them, looked forward to the political separation of the colonies from the mother country, and believed that England would thus become the mother of free nations. He assumes that their opinion is exploded. That there is a sudden gust of sentiment from the opposite quarter, no one doubts. But can it be shown, on the grounds of solid reason, that the statesmen of the last generation were wrong? Is it certain that the great forces are not still acting in the same direction, though their action may be for a time suspended, as the action of great forces often is, by that of secondary forces, or by reactionary sentiment arising from some transient cause? There has been, for the last thirty years, incessant talk of Imperial Federation. What practical step towards it of much importance has yet been taken? A uniformity of postage has been generally adopted. Canada, under the influence of a courtly Minister, has made a slight move in the direction of an Imperial Zollverein. But nothing more has come of it, and the measure may be regarded as still-born. Australasian confederation is rather centrifugal than centripetal, its tendency being to build up a separate nationality. Canada and Australia have sent contingents to the South African war. We shall presently know better whether there is much more in this than momentary excitement and love of adventure, and whether the colonies are really prepared to contribute to the devouring expense of Imperial armaments, and go with the Imperial country into ubiquitous wars. Canada contributed to the contingents only the cost of transportation, England paid the men; so that, in point of fact, the "sacrifice" amounted to little more than the concession of freedom of enlistment. Canadians enlist freely in the American army and navy. Their Government reckoned that there were 40,000 Canadian enlistments in our army during the war of secession. There is strong reason to believe that, of the French-Canadians, nine-tenths are opposed to military union and participation in British wars. Colonial politicians are fond of Imperial applause and titles. They are not altogether to be trusted as representatives of Colonial opinion. Giving the King new and fantastic titles, not without disparagement to a glorious crown, may flatter Jingo fancy, but will not alter solid facts.

It is at the same time true that a sinister and threatening spirit is abroad.

There is a growing disregard for international morality; there is a tendency not only to act upon the belief that Might is Right, but almost openly to profess it. That doctrine of devils and of fools, "Our Country, Right or Wrong," is again coming into vogue; the worship of God having largely lost its hold, there is a tendency to substitute for it the worship of the Flag. Little nations are being marked out as a prey for the great predatory Powers. The first practical attempt of that kind, however, seems to have shown by its result that moral force still goes for something, and is able, when highly aroused, to combat physical force with a success for which the masters of the legions were not prepared. Two pigmy commonwealths, with a population reckoned at the utmost at two hundred thousand, fighting for their national existence, have held at bay for two years an empire of three hundred and sixty millions, which put an army of two hundred and twenty thousand men into the field against them and had as absolute command of the sea as Capt. Mahan could possibly desire. They have gained a number of successes over it, and compelled it at last to have recourse to methods of subjugation which have seriously compromised its honor. Philosophic and sanctimonious rapine has not yet entirely won the mastery of the world.

THE TREASURY AND THE MONEY MARKET.

The letter addressed by Mr. Tappen, as Chairman of the Clearing-house Committee, to Secretary Gage, on Monday, in reference to the drafts made by the Treasury on the money market, brings up a subject of perennial interest in the national finances. The operations of recent date which justified Mr. Tappen's communication, may be summarized as follows: In two weeks ending September 7, 1900, the Treasury paid out \$4,200,000 to the New York banks. In the corresponding two weeks of 1901 the Treasury withdrew \$8,500,000. In August, 1900, the Treasury paid out for current expenses \$820,000 more than it received as revenue. In August, 1901, it received as revenue \$6,042,000 more than its expenses. Its receipts were the largest for the month of August in seven years. In September, 1900, the Treasury surplus of receipts was \$6,134,000. If the same conditions prevail during the present month the surplus receipts will be \$12,000,000 or more. On the 7th of September, 1900, the surplus reserve of the New York banks was \$26,056,000, and on the 7th of the present month it was \$6,915,000. According to this showing, the reserve will be down to the minimum (25 per cent. of the deposits) before the end of the month, and the banks which are in that condition must then stop the discount of commercial paper.

In other words, the pinch will come not so much on the banks as on the mercantile community, and it will come at the season when the demand for accommodation is strongest and most imperative.

There are but two sources of relief. One is through the importation of gold from abroad, the other by the release of funds locked up in the Treasury. The former is slow, roundabout, and costly. The latter is not precisely easy, but is preferable to the former, since the withdrawal of money from the channels of business by the collections of the Government is an artificial, unnatural process which ought never to occur. The frequency of its occurrence demands a change of system—one which cannot be long delayed; but such a change requires time for discussion, and meanwhile the present pinch calls for an immediate remedy.

The customary methods of getting money which has been needlessly taken by the Treasury from business circles back into commercial uses, are by the purchase of United States bonds in the open market, and by the deposit of money in national banks on the security of United States bonds. Both of these processes are limited by the amount of bonds available. The whole amount outstanding is less than \$1,000,000,000, of which about \$420,000,000 is already held in the Treasury as security for national banknotes, and for other purposes of the banks; tied up and unavailable. Of the remainder (say \$580,000,000) the largest share is held by savings banks and trust companies, and by a class of investors who demand the highest form of security that can be obtained, and are not likely to part with them under any circumstances short of compulsion. There is a certain amount of "floating bonds," held by speculators, who believe that the time will come when the Government will be forced to bid a high price for them in order to disgorge its surplus and avoid a commercial crisis. Such a time seems to be not far distant. How many such bonds are within the Secretary's reach, and at what price, can be learned only by experiment.

At present it would seem preferable for the Secretary to continue the process of depositing his surplus in the banks. There need be no limit to this operation except the power of the banks to furnish bonds required as security. The banks which have not a sufficiency of bonds can usually borrow them from their customers. At all events, it would seem wise to give them the opportunity to do so, treating all alike and avoiding the charge of partiality in the distribution of the deposits.

When Congress assembles, it will be possible to take further steps to reduce the surplus by the abatement of taxes, but that is a tedious process. It could hardly be made effective before midsum-

mer, 1902, and in the meantime much harm might have been done to the business community. There is danger, too, that Congress may take a shorter cut to the depletion of the Treasury by extravagant appropriations. It is always possible to meet the difficulty by increased pensions, river and harbor bills, public-building jobs, battle-ships, etc. Of all the methods of dealing with a surplus, this is the most facile and the most dangerous. Eventually the question of meeting this chronic trouble must be taken up seriously and dealt with scientifically, so that the surplus receipts of the Treasury, when there are any, shall be automatically placed at the service of the money market, as is done in all civilized countries except our own.

THE LATEST ARGUMENT AGAINST THE CANTEEN.

The strongest testimony against the army canteen which has yet appeared is borne by Brig.-Gen. Daggett, who won his promotion to that rank after a service of forty years from second lieutenant up. During the civil war he took part in every important battle of the Army of the Potomac, and since that time he has seen service on the Plains, before Santiago, in the Philippines, and in China, where he commanded the Fourteenth Infantry. When a captain, he had twenty years' experience in the handling of enlisted men. As a result of this long service, Gen. Daggett unequivocally pronounces against the canteen, on purely practical grounds, declaring that "it will be ruinous to the army in the end."

The strongest argument hitherto advanced by those in favor of the canteen relates to its counteracting the attractions of the vile resorts which so rapidly spring up in the vicinity of an army post. To this, Gen. Daggett replies that the viler the dens outside of the Government reservations, "the better for the morals of the garrison, because they keep respectable men away, and the majority are respectable." Equally striking is his assertion that the canteen is a constant temptation to the abstainer to indulge and to the moderate drinker to drink more, and that it is a convenience to the drunkard "to load up on beer when he has not the means to obtain anything stronger." He fortifies this with the statement that it has been no unusual thing to find a majority of a company, when undergoing inspection, more or less under the influence of liquor, but not sufficiently so to subject them to punishment. Similar allegations were made by intelligent enlisted men of the Second Artillery at Fort Warren, Mass., in 1896. They said that the canteen beer stimulated their appetite for stronger drink, and drove them out of the fort in search of it. They

cited the violent death of a comrade, and pointed to various prisoners as proof that the canteen did not produce idyllic conditions within this island fortress. A new consideration brought out by Gen. Daggett is his reference to the canteen credit system, which keeps men constantly in debt. About this side of the question both public and press have heard too little.

Admitting that Gen. Daggett's opinions are entitled to great respect, and that his views have given strength and encouragement to the opponents of the canteen, the *Army and Navy Journal* rightly asks the General what his substitute for the canteen would be, and how he would "satisfy the craving" of the enlisted men for sociability and good-fellowship. It is to be hoped that Gen. Daggett, and others who feel like him—among whom, it is understood, was the late Gen. William Ludlow—will take the *Journal* at its word, and tell the public how they would counteract the admitted evils which come from crowding single men in barracks in an utterly unnatural mode of life. The only genuine cure would be the abolition of the army itself; but, this being impossible, the evil should receive careful attention, particularly in view of the great increase in the garrisons of the seacoast fortifications, some extremely dreary and isolated, others close to the temptations of great cities. It is well understood that the War Department is thoroughly committed to the canteen, and, in its efforts to have the law replaced upon the statute book, has called for reports from post commanders and officers in charge of troops in the field. There can be no doubt that the great majority of these reports will favor the restoration of the post bar, not only because of its chief commodity, beer, but also because of the advantages in the way of extra food, billiard tables, dividends, etc., obtained by the various companies through the surplus profits. The canteen, however, was not abolished until last March. Since that time the army has been in the throes of a radical reorganization, during which thousands of extremely youthful and raw recruits have been injected into the service and are not yet digested. Moreover, the morale of the officers and the *esprit* of the regiments are admittedly at a lower ebb, because of two wars, vital changes, and the presence of many hundreds of green or political officers, than for decades past. Under these circumstances, comparisons of 1901 with previous years must be to a certain extent misleading.

The army, then, should be given longer time in which to show the effectiveness of the substitutes for the canteen introduced at several posts. Before final decision is given, it should be clearly shown whether all the good features of the canteen lose their value with the withdrawal of the beer, and whether ad-

ditional attractions not yet thought of cannot be found to keep the enlisted man sober and contented. In this respect the War Department has for years been open to criticism. Such attractions, beyond the sale of beer, as have been held out to enlisted men of a garrison have been largely due to the initiative of company or post commanders, under general authority of the Department. It, so far as we know, has made no earnest efforts to accept loyally the judgment of Congress and to lay far-reaching plans for doing without the canteen. We have yet to hear whether the evils following upon pay-day, now so prominently reported in the anti-canteen newspapers, could not be mitigated by some other system of payment than that which gives a whole garrison its wages on the same day. Nor have we heard of the punishment or reprimand of a single post commander whose troops, granted wholesale leaves of absence on pay-day night, disgrace themselves and the army by public debauchery. One such action might alter the situation materially, and at least lead to a salutary decrease in the sensational reports of pay-day riots which are now so frequent and so injurious to the good name of the army and to the character of its personnel. If the large railroad companies can exercise control over their men when off duty as well as when on, many citizens will ask why the military authorities, with their less limited powers, cannot do likewise.

THE CAUSES OF IMPERIALISM IN ENGLAND.

OXFORD, August 22, 1901.

"Be the King's Ministers Tory or Whig,
They must all be the men to keep England big."

These are the words which the present writer saw the other day printed in a book of nonsense verses for children under a caricature of Ministers. The doggerel is worthless enough in itself. It is, however, exactly one of those straws which show how the wind blows, and tells more of the present condition of opinion than may be gathered from many Blue books. It is the outward sign of predominant Imperialism—a term which is here used by way neither of praise nor of blame, but simply as an expression for the conviction of modern Englishmen that a main, if not the main, object of their Government should be, as the rhyme has it, "to keep England big," or, in other words, to maintain the power and the authority and the greatness of England.

That this is the dominant faith of modern Englishmen cannot be doubted. It is shared not only by the supporters of Lord Salisbury's Ministry (among whom the present writer must be numbered), but also by a great part, probably in one form or another by the majority, of its opponents. The very term "Liberal Imperialists" is intended to signify that an Imperial policy abroad is compatible with liberalism of the kind advocated by the men who followed Mr. Gladstone at home. And politicians who would repudiate the term Im-

perialist, however qualified, shun for the most part the designation of "Little Englanders." Nor is this a mere matter of words; among members of Parliament who represent British constituencies, it would be hard to find any leading man of weight who openly advocates the withdrawal of English troops from Egypt. To speak the plain truth, the vast majority of Englishmen are determined to keep England big.

This is the fact. The aim of this letter is neither to eulogize nor to attack the existing condition of public opinion. Its purpose is simply to set down, as far as may be impartially, the apparent causes of a state of feeling which is certain to influence, for some time to come, the policy of Great Britain, and which differs extraordinarily from the sentiment that prevailed throughout the country some forty or fifty years ago. One consideration may give us the measure of this difference. From 1840 to say 1870, the almost universal belief of thoughtful Englishmen was that the colonies contributed nothing or little to the strength of England. We were bound, it was thought, in honor, to protect them; the mother country should see that her children were on the road to become fit for independence; the day for separation would inevitably come; the parting, when it took place, should be on friendly terms; but the separation would be beneficial, for both parent and children. Even a Conservative minister spoke, or wrote, it is said, about our "wretched colonies." To-day the whole tone of feeling is changed; her colonies are, it is constantly asserted, both the glory and the strength of Great Britain. Not the extremest Radical ventures to hint a separation; no man who cared to play a part in public life would be foolish enough to speak of the colonies with disrespect. Conservatives and Liberals alike are more tempted to flatter colonial self-esteem than to utter a word which might imply an underestimate of Greater Britain.

What, then, are the causes of the singular change in public opinion? They may be broadly summed up under three heads.

First, there exists an indubitable fact which, during the last quarter of the nineteenth century, has deeply impressed the speculations of thinkers, and, in England at least, the imagination of the people. This fact is the growth of great empires and the decline of small states. Germany, Russia, the Austrian Empire, the United States, and England are the great and predominant Powers of the modern world. France still plays a great part and may again play a leading part in European politics; but it is vain to deny that the relative power of France is nothing like what it was even at the middle of the nineteenth century. Then the petty states of the world, the dukedoms and kingdoms of the Italian peninsula, the principalities of Germany, and the like, either have vanished or retain little more than a nominal existence. Smaller countries, respectable on account of their historical traditions, of their freedom, and of their good government—such, for example, as Holland or Sweden, Denmark or Switzerland—have ceased to count for much in European politics. We may deplore this change. We may doubt, not without reason, whether the happiness of mankind is promoted by the gradual decline in influence of small countries; but the fact that

the smaller states of the world count for less than they used to do is a fact which we must all take into account, and which has assuredly stimulated the desire for Imperial greatness. To this, as far as England is concerned, must be added the consideration that the consolidation of growth of Imperial states has coincided with the development of large armaments. It is difficult to realize, even in imagination, the immense numbers of men who are now, throughout the whole of Europe, trained to arms. Some thirty-five years ago Mr. Helps, if my memory does not deceive me, published the statement that the armed forces of the so-called civilized world equalled the population of London. The number of Londoners has since then greatly increased, but I feel considerable confidence that the number of soldiers has increased at least as rapidly. However this may be, it is certain that the growth of military power has aroused in England a natural feeling that her armed forces must, in some way or other—mainly, of course, by the increase of her navy—be put in a position to resist the armaments of other countries; and this belief directly stimulates Imperialism.

Secondly, this tendency of the modern world towards the consolidation of empires has naturally been reflected, as all patent facts are, in the speculations of contemporary thinkers. Take three writers as different from one another as Sir John Seeley, Mr. Froude, and Capt. Mahan. They have very little in common, yet any thoughtful reader may see at a glance that they have each and all contributed to the glorification—the word is here used in no invidious sense—of the British Empire. No one of the three has, it may be added, produced so immediate an effect upon English opinion as Mahan. He has revived the memories and the glories of Nelson. He has made it part of a modern Englishman's creed that to Nelson, and the sea-captains of whom he was the greatest, England owed her salvation during the contest with Napoleon, and that the naval supremacy of England is an absolute necessity for the maintenance of the British Empire, and even for the safety of England herself. Future historians will probably record that Mahan's writings, both from their great power and from their singular opportuneness, have exerted an influence over English politics as important as the authority of any one among our leading statesmen. To all this we may add that writers of all descriptions are absolutely compelled to insist upon the fact that scientific inventions, by facilitating communication among mankind, have practically made the world smaller. The Channel which divides us from France seems little more than a river. A modern Englishman is nearer to Paris than his grandfather was to Edinburgh. In spite of all the hopes of benevolent optimism, near neighborhood does not of itself increase neighborliness. The sense that the world is small, and that we are all getting jammed close together, increases the desire of every nation to acquire or retain the power which may enable it to make sure of its fair or its unfair share of the good things the earth has to offer.

Thirdly, neither patent facts nor the ingenious speculations of writers and thinkers are in themselves sufficient to turn the current of popular opinion. The es-

sentimental thing is the existence of an appropriate condition of public sentiment. It may well be doubted, for example, whether a writer who, sixty years ago, should have anticipated the ideas of Mahan, would have produced any great effect on his immediate readers. His doctrine we may feel almost certain would have fallen flat; in the days of Peel and Cobden, the exaltation of England's sea power would not have induced Parliament to add a single man-of-war to the English navy. What is it in the sentiment of to-day which has made his teaching so impressive? It is, I conceive, the combination of two or three favorable conditions. Even the most fervent advocate of Imperialism will not deny that the admiration for bigness which is certainly not actually unknown in the United States, has some real connection with what is vulgar in democratic institutions; and it is hard to doubt that the desire to "keep England big" does exert a certain influence over the English public. Then, again, it is well to note a matter which has received far less attention than it deserves, namely, the way in which certain political ideals or creeds, which at one time had living force, have, under the stress of circumstances, lost (for a time, at any rate) something of their power. Where, for instance, is the fervent belief in democracy? The world is far more democratic than it was sixty years ago: If in England there were the least wish of an effective kind for universal suffrage, or even for a republic, it would probably be easy enough to obtain a vote for every man above the age of twenty-one, or to establish a commonwealth. But every one feels, rather than knows, that for the moment the progress of democracy is arrested, not by the strength of aristocratic resistance, but by the weakness of the democratic impulse. "Republicanism has ceased to be a heresy," writes a Frenchman; but it has also ceased to be a faith.

Where, again, are we to find the enthusiastic Benthamism of which J. S. Mill and his associates were the youthful and enthusiastic apostles? The Utilitarian creed contained an immense amount of truth; it has profoundly modified English legislation; yet Benthamism as a special creed is dead. What, again, are we to say of the belief in nationalities which at one time seemed likely to revolutionize the world, and commanded the fervent allegiance of the youth of England? No one can deny that here, too, faith has declined. Nor is this wonderful. Germany has become a nation, but it is a nation in which soldiers are predominant. Italy has expelled the foreigner, or rather has got him expelled for her. The graceful and learned Italian refugees who excited the admiration and love of Englishmen, have ceased to exist, but the liberation of Italy has scarcely as yet fulfilled the hopes of the generation which admired Cavour, Mazzini, and Garibaldi. Italy, which, when enslaved, produced men of genius, has not, since she was free, given birth (at any rate in the field of politics) to a single man whose name is favorably known throughout Europe. Men, happily, cannot live without some object for enthusiasm; the decline of one faith makes room for another, and it is easy to perceive that English Imperialism is, looked at from its good side, a new form of the undying belief in

progress. The fervor with which young men have rushed into the South African war, the delight with which all England has welcomed the coöperation of her colonies, is something much better than a mere desire to keep England big. It means a fervent belief in the unity of the British Empire, and a stern sense of the duty incumbent upon modern Englishmen to keep united what in their eyes is the greatest and freest and best governed state of the modern world. Whether the readers of the *Nation* share this belief I know not. At the present moment I am only concerned to insist upon its existence and its strength. AN OBSERVER.

FROM FRANCE INTO SPAIN.

MADRID, August 15, 1901.

My experience with the French people has been somewhat singular. I left home with a decided prejudice against them—a mental attitude that was certainly not changed by some years' residence in Germany. I entered a French university for the purpose of familiarizing myself with the language and literature, but I did not expect my feelings to undergo a change. I had not been long at Grenoble until I found that I was mistaken; the professors were so amiable, so ready to help in every way, so easy of access, that I was soon completely won over. They showed none of the feeling of superiority that characterizes so many of the professors in German universities; nothing in their attitude toward their students that seems to say, "Don't approach too near a man so wise as I am." Along with some of my fellow-students, I was frequently invited to the homes of members of our faculty, where we were made to feel that we were all on the same social level. The people of the city, too, were so agreeable that I left it with much regret. If I did not leave many friends there, I was made to feel that many of my acquaintances wished me to think so.

At the close of the last school year, ten of us decided to present ourselves before the faculty of belles-lettres for final examination. The procedure was briefly as follows: At eight in the morning we were put to writing an exercise in French on an assigned theme. "Cyrano de Bergerac" fell to me. We were not allowed any helps. This lasted until noon. In the afternoon we were set to translating from our own language into French, an exercise that occupied about four hours. On the following morning we were subjected to a public oral examination in the presence of a considerable company of auditors. We did not get a report upon our work until the third day, when the names of those "regus définitivement" were posted on the bulletin board. That this examination was not a mere matter of form will be evident from the fact that, of the ten foreign candidates examined with me, but six passed successfully. Of the two Americans one failed—and it was the second time for him—and the one Italian; at which I was much surprised, for he is a fine linguist. Out of seven Germans, two failed. It will be seen from the above that the training we received was literary rather than scientific, especial stress being laid on a good working knowledge of French.

Though the months of July and August are the time of year when there is an exodus of the people from the south towards a more

congenial climate, my observation had led me to believe that, by adopting the native costume on going south, I should not find the heat oppressive. This proved to be the case. Before entering Spain, my objective point, I spent a few weeks among the towns and cities of southern France. This was quite time enough. I was naturally much interested in what I saw; but it was chiefly the remains of a former civilization, the Roman, that I found most attractive. It is hard to overdraw the slowness, the deadness, the monotony of the French provincial towns. Every one is just like the other. Every one has a small picture-gallery, a Boulevard Gambetta, a promenade planted with trees and flowers, a Café de la Gare and a Café de la Paix. I suppose after a longer stay I might have discovered some differences, but to me they were not evident. The few residents who have been in Paris find life unendurable. At Perpignan I conversed with a gentleman who told me that he was slowly dying of ennui, and that he would give anything to get back to the capital—though that was impossible, as he could not leave his business. Perpignan, by the way, is one of the most mediæval places I have yet seen. It bears a striking resemblance to Regensburg. The streets are distressingly narrow, while the upper stories of the houses often project far out over the lower. Here one feels himself transported centuries into the past. As it is near the frontier, the city is strongly fortified, and the garrison imparts to it what few signs of life it exhibits. Its environs are very picturesque.

My visit was accidental. I had gone to Cette, the principal port of the French merchant marine on the Mediterranean, expecting to find a steamer for Barcelona. In this I was disappointed, and so was obliged to travel by rail. Cette is reported to be losing ground, year by year, from what cause I do not know. I found that I could not get a ticket into Spanish territory, owing to the depreciated condition of the currency, and so had to make the necessary transfer at Portbou. The train here passes through a wildly picturesque country. The tunnels are almost innumerable, and spoil many a fine view of the sea. The Pyrenees are the bleakest, gloomiest, and most forbidding mountains imaginable. They bear little resemblance to the Alps, which are in many places covered with vegetation to a high altitude. Nothing but blue, barren, rugged rocks, with occasionally a clump of olive trees on the Spanish side or a bit of vineyard on the French side, frown upon the spectator. After one is out of sight of the Pyrenees, the country offers little that is of interest. It is an immense plain under a high state of cultivation, on which grow grapes, figs, and oranges in great profusion. Our train made the run to Barcelona in rather less than seven hours. I had heard so much about the slowness of Spanish railroads that I was agreeably surprised at the time we made. I learned afterward that this is perhaps the best-managed road on the peninsula—a fact that is largely due to French influence. Barcelona, the most flourishing of Spanish cities, is strongly tinged with French ideas. Even on the streets one hears the language spoken almost as much as Spanish; and the visitor is reminded of Paris on every hand. Many cities of Southern Europe have a monument to Columbus, but none that I have

seen is so magnificent and imposing as that in Barcelona.

I left that city at nine in the morning on what is called an express train; its motion was, however, decidedly slow. The second-class is not what one finds it in France, Germany, or even Italy; for, while fairly comfortable, it is rather dirty. The whole road passes through what seems to be virtually a desert. There are few streams, consequently a scarcity of water, and few inhabitants. There is nothing to relieve the monotony except now and then a small, scraggy vineyard or a cluster of olive trees. Occasionally the train stopped at some hamlet where the wretched inhabitants were assembled to beg. I do not see how they can live except by contributions from travellers. Children, women, and old men all have a hand in the business. At one place where the train stopped I observed an old blind man, who began to play on a violin apparently as old as himself, and about as badly dilapidated, and to accompany himself with his cracked voice. After a little he struck up the "Marseillaise," whereupon the sous and centimes began to fall all over him. Evidently there were many Frenchmen aboard or French sympathizers, like myself. There was something thrilling and at the same time exhilarating in the efforts of that miserable Spaniard at playing the national air of his northern neighbor. At Saragossa we made a long stop, and several Spaniards entered my compartment. Each took off his hat—it was now near midnight—and wished me "Buena noche, señor." Then followed the offer of cigarettes, and an attempt at conversation. Some of them spoke French passably well, and so we managed to make each other understood. By nine the next morning, after a ride of a little less than twenty-four hours, we arrived in Madrid.

RALPH C. SUPER.

Correspondence.

"MALAHACK."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I should like to contribute my mite of information relative to the word "malahack," about which your correspondent from Weld, Me., inquired in the *Nation* of August 22, 1901. I have heard it used a number of times by a gentleman whose birth-place was in Windham County, in northeastern Connecticut. He will say, for instance, either in a jesting tone or in a tone of reproof, "Don't go *malahacking* around here," or "Don't *malahack* all around." I have never heard him use the word in a connection similar in sense to that quoted by your correspondent, but it is evident that "to cut awkwardly" is the literal meaning of the word as he has learned it, and has probably used it, though not in my hearing. During my two years' residence in Lewiston, only a few miles distant from Weld, I have not once heard the word "malahack." I, personally, am interested in the etymology of the word.

Respectfully yours,

A. N. LEONARD.

LEWISTON, ME., August 31, 1901.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: *Malahack* is a word known to me for

nearly fifty years. I am not sure that it is in common use in this town (Goffstown, N. H.), which is my native place. I remember that in 1854, in Dover, N. H. (not far from Maine), a person used it, saying of a certain boy under her care that she did not wish to have him *malahacked* by his teacher. The boy had been feruled unjustly, and she was indignant.

W. C. P.

GOFFSTOWN, N. H., September 9, 1901.

Notes.

Little, Brown & Co.'s autumn announcements include 'Types of Naval Officers, with Some Remarks on the Development of Naval Warfare during the Eighteenth Century,' by Capt. Mahan; 'Maids and Matrons of New France,' by Mary Sifton Pepper; 'First Principles of Nursing,' by Anne R. Manning; 'Deafness and Cheerfulness,' by the Rev. A. W. Jackson, biographer of James Martineau, whose sister Harriet's deafness and cheerfulness leap to mind; and 'A Japanese Miscellany,' by Lafcadio Hearn.

Books to appear this autumn from Small, Maynard & Co. are 'Church Building,' a study of the principles of architecture in their relations to the church, by Ralph Adams Cram; 'A House Party,' twelve stories anonymously contributed by well-known American writers; 'A Gage of Youth,' lyrics from the *Lark*, and other verses, by Gelett Burgess; and 'To Girls: A Budget of Letters,' by Heloise E. Hersey.

Noyes, Platt & Co., Boston, will issue 'American Mural Painting,' by Pauline King; 'Mother Goose's Menagerie,' by Carolyn Wells; 'A Whist Calendar,' by Mildred Howells; and 'Mr. Munchausen,' by John Kendrick Bangs.

Close upon Stone's newly published 'Mary I., Queen of England,' will follow 'Mary, Queen of Scots, and Who Wrote the Casket Letters?' from the press of James Pott & Co.

A. Wessels Co. will issue 'Philip Freneau, the Poet of the Revolution,' by Mary S. Austin, in collaboration with Mrs. H. K. Vreeland, a great-granddaughter of Freneau; and 'French Cookery for American Homes,' with more than 600 recipes.

Charles Scribner's Sons have almost ready 'The Civil War and the Constitution,' by Prof. John W. Burgess of Columbia University.

'Woman in the Golden Age,' by Mrs. Amelia Gere Mason, is in the press of the Century Company.

Villari's *Life of Giovanni Segantini* will shortly be published by E. P. Dutton & Co.; as also a new and revised edition of 'Ephemera Critica.'

Ginn & Co. promise soon 'A History and Description of Roman Political Institutions,' by Prof. Frank Abbott of the University of Chicago.

Amid the host of reprints which every autumn ushers in, we may count upon T. Y. Crowell & Co. for their share. Forman's edition of Keats, five handy volumes in a box, calls for no remark except that there has been no attempt at elegance in the typography, and that the condensed type of the footnotes will prove trying to most eyes. The more presentable series, embracing Maçaulay's and Bacon's Essays, Southey's Nelson, and Parkman's 'Oregon Trail,' have the distinction of special introductions; but

the only one of weight so far is Prof. E. G. Bourne's brief characterization of Parkman and his works. This is noticeably sane and just. Parallel in style with the foregoing are the three volumes reëmbodiment Bulfinch's 'Age of Fable,' 'Age of Chivalry,' and 'Legends of Charlemagne,' of long-approved utility.

Mrs. Elizabeth Stoddard's novels, 'Two Men,' 'Temple House,' and 'The Morgesons,' undergo a fresh mutation of publishers. More than thirty-five years have elapsed since we reviewed 'Two Men,' then bearing the imprint of Bunce & Huntington. There was a revival in 1888, with the aid of the Cassells. Now the trio come to us from Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia. This vitality proves that the mixed and contradictory qualities of these highly individual writings are dominated by what is most original and forceful in them. They please and displease, but end by holding their own (as the author can now claim) from generation to generation.

The "College Latin Series," of Allyn & Bacon has added an edition of the odes and epodes of Horace, prepared by Prof. Charles E. Bennett, the general editor of the series. Its contents are, of course, scholarly, but we cannot help feeling that the commentary is a little bare on the literary side. Perhaps the editor feels that literary beauty needs no label, but it must be remembered that, even with the best of preparation, the average freshman does not come to his Horace with the power of grasping its purely literary features unhampered by difficulties with the language. If the notes confine themselves too strictly to clearing up the merely linguistic difficulties, the chances are that the pupil will allow the other side to pass with no earnest attention whatever. Professor Shorey rendered a good service, in his edition of the Odes, in his rich supply of illustrative quotations from other poets, of all ages and lands. The student who can read his notes without the awakening of a real literary interest, has none to be awakened. The Shorey edition leaves no other editor a promising outlook for original achievement in the same line, but some such appeal to the usually dormant faculty of literary appreciation in the college student of Latin poetry is really necessary, if the work is to be done with the highest success. In his introduction Professor Bennett brings forward again his much-discussed position concerning Latin metres, viz., that we are to conceive a Latin verse as merely a certain arrangement of long and short syllables, with no appreciable stress accent whatever; the only accent being the mere "quantitative prominence inherent in the long syllable of every fundamental foot—the iambus, trochee, dactyl, and anapaest." An admirable feature of the edition is the brief introduction accompanying each ode in the text. This consists of a subject-title, a statement of the occasion of the poem, when such is possible, an outline, and the date of composition, if determinable.

The French are rivalling the English in making the archaeological finds of Egypt accessible to Western scholars, as is evidenced once more by the new periodical publication, *Le Musée Égyptien*, "recueil de monuments et de notices sur les fouilles d'Égypte." The special purpose of this journal is to reproduce in the best manner possible the literary and archaeological trea-

tures of the Bulaq Museum. in order to furnish added material for scientific study. The first volume, containing forty-two plates, has appeared, containing mostly Egyptian inscriptions and pictures, with fresh data on the life and history of the Egyptians.

In the *Revue Universelle*, R. Cagnat, member of the Paris Academy of Inscriptions, has given an excellent summary of the results of the archaeological researches which have been so energetically prosecuted by French savants on the site of ancient Carthage, ever since the French protectorate of Tunis began. These investigations have been conducted chiefly by Father Delattre, founder of the Lavagerie Museum in Tunis, and Father Gauckler. On the whole, the results have not come up to expectations, the finds being rather meagre and of comparatively small value, as if bearing witness to the thoroughness with which the Romans destroyed their rival for supremacy. It has not even been possible to trace with certainty the old city walls. The only guide in this particular has been the situation of the Punic cemeteries, which, following the custom of Semitic peoples, were outside of the city. Hence the inference that the old city must have been rather small—confined, indeed, to the space between the sea and the nearest chain of hills. On the Byrsa, the old Acropolis of Carthage, not a single find of the Punic period has occurred, although the diggings have been made to bed rock. A large number of tombs have been discovered, many with female masks, but only one with the life-size figure of a man, who has been variously identified as Hamilcar, Hasdrubal, and Hannibal. Some characteristics in these tombs point to Egyptian, and others to Greek influences. The utensils, vessels, amulets, chains, etc., found have, in both number and value, been somewhat disappointing.

The traditional claim of Crete to have had a hundred cities, Mr. D. G. Hogarth says, in a communication to the *London Times*, "is proving not altogether vain. Remains of primitive settlements too considerable to have been villages are coming to light at far more points of the Cretan coast than bear a name in classical atlases." Among these recent discoveries is Phaestos, on the south of the island, in which the ruins consist mainly of a palace of great extent and in excellent preservation. There are broad staircases and majestic courts, one containing "an altar and tiers of stone seats built up against the rock, evidently to hold an Assembly." Another is Gorynia, "the most perfect example yet discovered of a small 'Mycenæan' town, uncontaminated with later remains. . . . It was discovered by the perseverance of the American lady, Miss Harriet Boyd, who has been directing its excavation. Her workmen have now laid bare two narrow and tortuous streets, paved, and here and there ascending by flights of steps; on either hand of which are preserved to a considerable height houses of stone, with party-walls of brick. This style of structure, often suspected on Aegean sites, has never been actually found before. The two streets converge towards a large building of fine masonry, on the highest point of the knoll, in which it is easy to recognize the house of the local chieftain or governor." In the buildings have been found bronze weapons, tools, and vessels, and clay vases, "complete specimens of types previously inferred from

fragments only." At Zakro, where the excavations were conducted by Mr. Hogarth himself, were remains of a still more primitive age, as well as two inscribed tablets and hundreds of impressions of lost signets, of 150 separate types, and illustrating in a remarkable way "not only late 'Mycenæan' glyptic art, but also 'Mycenæan' religious symbolism."

Dr. Sven Hedin's second expedition in Central Asia bids fair to be of greater interest than his first, in 1893-97. He reached Kashgar in September, 1899, and from thence went to the Lob Nor region, in which he has made many excursions of much value to geographical science. In his last letter, dated April 23 of this year, according to the *London Times*, he announces the discovery of an ancient lake-bed near the present Lob Nor, and some ruins on its northern shore. Among these he found a beautiful Buddhist temple, with most artistic wood-carving. But his most curious find was some twelve letters, written on paper, in Chinese. "They were in a marvellous state of preservation, every sign being perfectly distinct and legible." In one of them the place is called Lo-län. He found, also, 30 little pieces of wood, like tickets, each inscribed with the name of some emperor, the year, month, and day of his reign; they are supposed to be at least 800 years old. This ancient lake-bed apparently may soon be filled again, for while Dr. Hedin was making his explorations there "the waters of the present lake were spreading north so rapidly that it was unsafe for the travellers to camp on the shore." Dr. Hedin proposed to cross Tibet to the sources of the Indus, and possibly go to Calcutta, and then to return to Kashgar via Ladak, reaching Europe next spring. At the time of writing, his scientific work was represented by 726 sheets of maps, and geographical, geological, and hydrographical studies which will fill two large volumes of five hundred pages each. The popular narrative of his journey, notwithstanding his wealth of material, he hopes to compress into two volumes of moderate size.

The commerce of China in 1900 is the principal subject treated in the Consular Reports for August, numerous tables of statistics being given from the official report of the imperial maritime customs. According to these figures, writes Consul-General Goodnow of Shanghai, "the United States buys more goods from China than does any other nation, and her total trade with China, imports and exports, equals that of Great Britain (not including colonies), and is far ahead of that of any other country." He adds, however, that, "at the present time, German trade is increasing faster proportionately (not absolutely) than is ours." Another evidence of Germany's commercial activity is to be found in the report of her trade with South America in 1900. This amounted to \$154,124,000, an increase of \$22,153,000 over that of the previous year. Among the other topics referred to are the establishment of a preparatory school for railroad employees in the state railroad service at Munich, and the Mond fuel gas, "which, it is claimed, can be supplied to customers at four cents per 1,000 cubic feet."

The Iowa Geological Survey has issued its eleventh volume of publications, which is devoted to administrative reports, filling 519 pages, and is illustrated by 43 cuts and 21 plates and folded maps. It includes the Ninth Annual Report of the State Geolo-

gist, which shows that, as in previous years, special attention has been paid during 1900 to areal investigation and mapping. The greater part of the volume is taken up by reports on the geology of Louisa, Marion, Pottawattamie, Cedar, Page, Clay, and O'Brien Counties. A special report shows that the value of the mineral production of the State for 1900 exceeded \$10,000,000, the value of the coal produced being over \$6,000,000, and that of the clay output over \$2,000,000.

"The great African arc of meridian" is among the subjects touched upon in the Report of His Majesty's Astronomer at the Cape of Good Hope for 1900. The completion of a geodetic arc along the thirtieth meridian from Gwelo to the Zambesi may be looked upon as the first step in a chain of triangulation which shall extend continuously to the mouth of the Nile. It is hoped that the different nations through whose territory the arc must pass will co-operate in the execution of this project. Such a work will furnish a basis for the much-needed survey of Egypt and the Sudan, and for the determination of the boundaries of German East Africa and the Congo Free State, where they adjoin British territory.

Recent action of the Academic Senate of the Heidelberg University has given official recognition to the agitation looking toward a restriction of the attendance of foreign students at the higher institutions of learning in Germany. The movement began in the schools of technology, where the pressure for admittance on the part of non-Germans has assumed remarkable proportions in recent years. The students of the Polytechnicum at Munich requested the authorities not to be so liberal in opening its doors to outsiders, as this was interfering with the work of the Germans. The granting of this request induced the students of similar schools elsewhere to ask for the same restriction. Some weeks ago, the university students took up the matter, and the Heidelberg men petitioned for similar limitations, and this petition has been granted. It is an open secret that the movement is directed chiefly against the Russian contingent.

Gunnar Wennerberg, who died at Stockholm on August 24, was undoubtedly the most popular Swedish poet and composer of recent times. He may be regarded as the legitimate successor as academic poet-laureate of Bellmann. He was born at Linköping October 2, 1817. After studying at the University of Upsala, he became a docent in aesthetics there and later lector in a gymnasium. In 1870 he was appointed a privy councillor, retaining that position, with one interruption, until 1891. His popularity is based chiefly upon the collection of duets called *Gluntarne*, published in 1851, which depict the joys and sorrows of student life. At all Swedish student gatherings these songs are sure to form a part of the musical programme, and they are hardly less popular in Denmark. His "Hör oss Svea," with which the Swedish students gained a prize at the Paris Exposition in 1878, is now one of the Swedish national songs. In later life Wennerberg composed a number of oratorios and other sacred works.

—We subjoin the latest specimen of literary bribery that has been brought to our notice, suppressing names. It has been sent to us by the recipient, who is unwilling to

acknowledge his profession peculiarly susceptible to this kind of immoral advances:

NEW YORK, August 31, 1901.

Rev. —.

DEAR SIR: Will you permit me to send you eight volumes of the ——— Library, free of charge, with the understanding that if examination proves satisfactory you send me a brief endorsement similar to the enclosed, in consideration of which the volumes, which are bound and handsomely illustrated, will become your property without any financial consideration or further responsibility on your part.

The introductory advertising of the work has been placed in my hands, and I am making this proposition to a few people preliminary to the general sale.

Will send you sample pages and further information if you want it on receipt of reply.

Yours very truly,

P. S.—Time is money. Kindly sign and mail postal card without delay.

—The leading illustrated article in the *Century* for September is one on "Mid-Air Dining-Clubs," by Cleveland Moffett. "It would seem," says Mr. Moffett, "that we are coming back to the world's ancient wisdom concerning the house-top, which has been neglected these many centuries in Western lands, although once given high honor, as we know, by men of the East, who set it apart in their dwellings as a much prized breathing-place." But there is a radical difference, as this writer clearly sets forth, between the Oriental breathing-place and the mid-air suite of apartments in a New York "sky-scraper." The real analogue of the former was the roof-garden introduced twenty years ago, and found in some respects wanting. Why the roof-garden has not answered all the expectations of its early promoters might be the subject of an essay by itself; but one reason undoubtedly is that the weather of New York is not the weather of the East. It cannot be counted on for very long; and in order to make a roof-garden pay as a commercial enterprise, it must be pretty well filled with people every evening, for several hours. To meet this difficulty, the obvious recourse was to protect the garden against the weather by a sort of roof, and by the time this had been done, the enclosure defeated its object and destroyed the garden. One potential garden at least we have seen destroyed in this way. All these attempts were, so far as we remember, in non-sky-scraper buildings. The invention of the tall building, however, has introduced something of an entirely novel and altogether different order—a suite of apartments roofed in, to be sure, yet so high up in the air as to get a steady breeze, which renders the temperature always tolerable. These are the best conceivable places for clubs in summer in New York, and in this respect the down-town strictly utilitarian clubs are better housed than the fashionable ones up town. Jane Marsh Parker contributes an article on "Louis Philippe in the United States," giving what few facts can be collected about the visit to America, made in 1797, by "Messrs." Orléans, Montpensier, and Beaujolais, and recalls the excellent old story of Mr. Willing's refusing for his daughter the hand of the future King of France, on the ground that in his present situation the latter was not a good match for her; while, should he recover his rights, she would cease to be a suitable match for him. For fiction, *inter alia*, Irving Bachelier's "D'ri and I" comes to an appropriately patriotic conclusion in this number, with

President Monroe's eyes filling with tears, the hero kissing his wife, and her declaring that she was never so proud to be an American. Bret Harte furnishes the opening instalment of "Trent's Trust."

—In *Harper's*, Arthur Symons writes on Prague. To un-Bohemianized ears it sounds strange to hear that "the real centre of Prague is the Karlův Most"—in other words, Karlsbrücke; but Prague ceased to be a German city some years ago. The Czech national movement is a good deal of a mystery to a foreigner, no doubt because to the world at large there is little or no Bohemian tradition, or literature, or art, and the Czech type is, to the non-Czech, unattractive. Mr. Symons has evidently "striven" to like it, but his description is decidedly vague. To the German, it is quite clear and distinct. In his eyes the Czech is a sort of wild Irishman of the Continent, quarrelsome, violent (as is shown by his practice of "defenestration"—otherwise, throwing those with whom he quarrels out of any convenient window), and curiously determined upon being a Bohemian when he might perfectly well have remained Teutonized. H. W. Wilson contributes a paper on "The New German Navy," with illustrations. One remarkable fact, certainly not generally known, is referred to, that in Germany the army and navy are regarded to a certain extent as a unit—the navy sending selected officers to serve with the army, and vice versa. This recalls the sixteenth century, when the commander of a fleet might any day be a general ashore. We get from this article the reassuring information that the designs of the German Emperor are not against this country. England is his real objective, but he will not attack until he is ready, which will not be, perhaps, till 1916. Considering, by the way, what a bellicose reign his was to be, and how he has fumed and raged since he came to the throne, it is a little remarkable how careful he has been not to level his mailed fist at any great Power. We know that some potentates make war abroad in order to divert their subjects from domestic questions; but others think that bluster abroad may answer this end as well. The "Cathode Rays" form the subject of an article by Professor Joseph J. Thompson, which has attracted general attention. The layman cannot do more than wonder at speculations which seem to indicate a revival of the corpuscular theory of light and Franklin's theory of the "electric fluid."

—Robert Alston Stevenson has an article in *Scribner's* on "The Poor in Summer," of which the illustrations have an unusual degree of life and "actuality." Mr. Stevenson's remarks on the subject of public baths are worth attention. One of the great difficulties of those who work among the poor is to get them to wash themselves properly. Novices in this sort of charity often begin by preaching the gospel of soap and water. Now, says Mr. Stevenson, a bath-tub in every tenement, though a good thing in itself, will not wash people automatically; the tenement bath-tub is frequently used as a coal-bin. A public bath round the corner is a different thing, as is proved by the fact that last year 130,000 people paid five cents for soap and towel at the People's Baths at Centre Market Place. Water is not avoided by the poor, he thinks, to the extent that many good people suppose; but in a tene-

ment a place apart for dressing and undressing (still more when the whole family live in two rooms) is hard to find. If the tenement bath-tub is not turned into a coal-bin, the bath-tub part of it, being the best, may very likely be let to boarders, and the family then goes without. Public baths furnish not merely the bath, but the privacy in dressing and undressing which for the poor is otherwise an almost unattainable luxury. Of course, it is true that there are very large numbers of people who do not like to take the trouble to keep themselves clean; so there are numbers of people who prefer not to change their clothes at night. It is not this class with which we are concerned, but with the millions who would like to be clean, yet find a dozen obstacles in their way. We may add that this does not really touch the question of free baths at all. It being settled that public baths, provided by the city, are a good thing, it is open to Socialistic to maintain that they should be entirely supported by taxation, to Economicus that those who use them should pay for the privilege. The question whether public baths can be made self-supporting has, we believe, never been tested. Gen. Francis V. Greene publishes the first of three papers (richly illustrated by many hands) on "The United States Army." Gen. Greene, as the readers of his early book on military matters in Russia will recall, is an agreeable writer, and his papers promise to be interesting.

—The *Atlantic's* "Notes on the Reaction," by an "Emersonian Democrat," refers to the reaction against Democracy so visible throughout the world for some years past; the reaction to Democracy will follow (this Democrat thinks), if only on the principle of oscillation in politics. If we turn to another political article—that on "The Future of Political Parties," by Charles A. Conant—we find no suggestion of how the new reaction is to be brought about, except the familiar one, that it is to be socialistic. A modern Imperialist might read either article with a quiet chuckle. He knows well enough what the trouble with modern Democracy is, and what the best means are of retarding oscillations. It is just as true now, as it was in Mirabeau's time, that Privilege is the enemy of Democracy, and Corruption its handmaid. There is no more possibility that we can return to the paths of Democracy under the leadership of Debs, Irons, Shaffer, and Bryan, than there was a possibility of the human race being regenerated a hundred years ago by Anacharsis Clootz. But the *Atlantic's* politics are nothing if not jejune. "The Southern People under Reconstruction," by Thomas Nelson Page, should have been published twenty-five years ago. It has no application to any existing question, and, as history, is trite. Burning at the stake in the South is what we want to hear about now. Among non-political articles we have only space to refer to John Muir's "Hunting Big Redwoods," "Beauty," by the late W. J. Stillman, and Mr. Henry Austin Clapp's "Reminiscences of a Dramatic Critic," of which a second very readable instalment appears in this number.

—The current number of *McClure's Magazine* contains what is stated to be the "only announcement to the public," by Commander Evelyn B. Baldwin, of the plans and purposes of the much-advertised Baldwin-

Ziegler Polar Expedition. This announcement differs broadly from the usual class of parting messages by expedition commanders, and is marked by refreshing assurance, in view of the fact that Arctic exploration depends for its success largely upon fortuitous circumstances. The public is not informed of the precise date on which the Pole is to be discovered, but it is told that on March 22, 1902, the advance may be begun from the northernmost extremity of Franz-Josef Land, and that the magnetic work of the expedition "will comprise absolute readings each Monday," and that readings "of declinations and horizontal intensity will be made at five-minute intervals" every Tuesday. Such a close calculation of the work of the expedition ought certainly to inspire confidence in its outcome, but unfortunately the general tenor of Mr. Baldwin's "announcement" may easily excite suspicion that the exultant commander has not fully mastered the record of experiences in the far North, despite his own service in two explorations under tried leaders. Arctic exploration must, indeed, have made wonderful progress since 1894 and 1899 to permit of the confident prediction that "nothing short of contingencies which no human power could avoid" will prevent the planting this time of "the flag of our country at the northern apex of the earth." It is true, the statement is made that no expedition ever sailed for the North with so comprehensive an equipment as this one, or with prospects half so bright; but unfortunately these superior conditions are thought to be a part of the stock in trade of almost every new expedition, and so far they have generally been found to be subordinate in value to the wits and morale of the expeditionary corps. All will wish the new expedition success, and it will be interesting, a year or two hence, to note in how far prearranged possibilities may find their confirmation in fact. Intelligence has just been received through the returning *Fridtjof*, one of the vessels of the expedition—the others being the *America* and the *Belgica*—of the safe landing of the expeditionary party on Franz-Josef Land. The same source of information brings the intelligence that Admiral Makaroff, in command of the Russian ice-breaker the *Ermak*, has abandoned all thought of being able to break through the great Polar pack by means of his powerful and specially constructed machine. Thus seems to disappear an apparently easy and simple means of reaching the Pole.

—The same number of *McClure's Magazine* contains an interesting illustrated article by Sir Harry H. Johnston, Special Commissioner for Uganda, on the *okapi*, the remarkable hoofed animal that has recently been brought to light from the Congo forest, and for a knowledge of which the scientific world is indebted to the indefatigable Special Commissioner. At a time when destruction threatens the major animal forms of the African continent, this discovery adds an almost unique type to a fauna already distinctive in its salient characteristics, and for the coming of which there had been no herald. The *okapi*, if it has not turned out to be the extinct *Helladotherium*, which it was first thought (and hoped) it might be, still remains a most interesting quadruped. Roughly, it may be said to be most nearly allied to the giraffe, having three horn-cores and a

somewhat elongated neck; but the body build is more distinctly equine, and the size is only that of an ox. Singularly enough, the mount of the single specimen in the British Museum differs considerably in outline from what the discoverer has represented in his own sketch; but, as Sir Harry remarks, "until the *okapi* has been photographed alive or dead, and its exact shape in the flesh is thus known," it will be impossible to determine upon the precise form of the animal. The *okapi* seems to offer little as yet towards a solution of the characteristics of the African fauna, beyond the fact that it adds a second member to the camelopardaline group; but its discovery will doubtless lead to a more energetic exploration in the still untrodden wilds of the Dark Continent for types of life that may now be said to be missing from the general chain. "This same forest, I believe," says Sir Harry, "conceals other wonders besides the *okapi*, not yet brought to light, including enormous gorillas. I have seen photographs of these huge apes, taken from dead animals which have been killed by the natives and brought in to the Belgians. A careful search might reveal several other strange additions to the world's mammalian fauna."

THE CALHOUN CORRESPONDENCE.—I.

Correspondence of John C. Calhoun. Edited by J. Franklin Jameson. [Fourth Annual Report of the Historical Manuscripts Committee of the American Historical Association.] Washington, D. C.

This solid volume falls into two parts: letters written by Calhoun; and nearly 200 addressed to him drawn from a collection of 2,300. It is hard to say which are the more valuable, in spite of the fact that of Calhoun's private letters hardly more than a score had hitherto been printed. About his domestic and plantation life, his treatment of his slaves, his attitude of mind towards the Missouri Compromise (p. 181), about his wire-pulling to make Mississippi take the lead in calling the Nashville Convention in 1849 (pp. 1204, 1206), Von Holst might have gleaned something for his masterly characterization of the South Carolina statesman; but not much. This historian asks (*Life*, p. 179) if Calhoun had "so entirely forgotten all that he had seen during his college years in New England" that he failed to discern the superior vitality of the North, notwithstanding the labor troubles from which he thought the South happily exempt. We have here a number of letters during his student days in New England, at Litchfield and at Newport, but we see only a youth who knows how to adjust himself to his environment so as to live pleasantly, with never a reflection on contrasted systems of agriculture and industry. He was well on towards middle life when, in 1821, he expressed surprise at the product of a farm in Harrisburg, Pa., not so good land as in Calhoun's neighborhood, and employing steadily only one negro fellow at five dollars a month (p. 196). But in this respect he was blind as a Southerner rather than individually, as may be said of the unconscious humor (the only kind associated with him) of passages like these from letters written in 1831 (p. 301):

"Aleck, our house servant, gave us the slip yesterday, and is now in the woods. . . . He had offended your sister, and

she threatened him with a severe whipping. . . . He ran away for no other cause but to avoid a correction for some misconduct."

Proof that Aleck was not only a little lower than the angels, but a good deal less than human!

Much appears to the credit account of Calhoun in his iterated desire to have women take an interest in politics (p. 316), and to have regard in education to health and constitution (p. 459); also, in his consistent detestation of the spoils system (p. 452), and the caucus (p. 530), and of rotation in office, which he will not practise in State Department appointments (p. 586). But amid the riches from which it is embarrassing to choose, we shall follow a rather narrow line relating to slavery. It is three years after the founding of the *Liberator* that any mention is made in this correspondence (p. 327) of the abolition agitation, and it is significant that then Calhoun's outburst was against the Colonization Society, as the putative author of a bill freeing the slaves in the District immediately. This means, he says, immediate emancipation at the South. But he did not know the Society. No notice is taken of the organization of the American Anti-Slavery Society, just a month before. Nor does Calhoun, writing a month after the mails had been rifled by a mob in Charleston for "incendiary" abolition matter, and referring to the Richmond meeting of August 4, 1835, which led to the Boston mob of October 21 in that year, employ any more specific name for the abolitionists than "Northern fanatics" (p. 345). On June 28, 1836, he records that "the abolitionists are numerous, zealous, and active." In February, 1837, he fears that the "abolition question" "is destined to shake the country to its centre" (p. 368). "They have a powerful press and abundant funds" (p. 361). On July 7, 1837, he classifies himself as "anti-abolition" (p. 376), a pass to which he could not have come without a certain humiliation of spirit. He did not, he said, "intend to go into any move that may be controlled by abolitionists, consolidationists, colonizationists." By May 16, 1840, he felt there was "less to fear at present from the Tariff than either of the others [abolition and currency questions]" (p. 456). By March 5, 1844, "The only two questions of pressing importance, . . . I mean the Tariff and abolition" (p. 572). His all but dying confession was (February 6, 1850): "The slavery question has at length absorbed the entire attention of Congress and the country" (p. 781).

Only one incident of the "martyr age" of the anti-slavery agitation chances to be so much as alluded to in Calhoun's letters, namely, the imprisonment of Torrey. In 1844, November 14, he denies a story of Torrey's about Calhoun's selling his coachman's wife to be a concubine (p. 628), and implies that this clergyman could not justify himself before God for his attempt to run off slaves. He notices Samuel Hoar's errand to protect Massachusetts colored seamen from imprisonment in Southern ports as "Massachusetts sending an emissary to South Carolina" (p. 633). No notice is taken of the disunion policy avowed by Garrisonian abolitionists. Calhoun scented disunion in every manifestation of the Northern conscience against slavery *per se*. He was ready, like the chivalry of Richmond, to resist that to disunion as

early as 1835. In July, 1837, he could not think of going upon a ticket with Gen. Harrison, "who has expressed an opinion in favor of appropriating money to emancipate our slaves by purchase" (p. 376). As Tyler's Secretary of State, in March, 1842, he had scruples about receiving Lord Morpeth, who brought letters to him, seeing that that nobleman had "had so little feeling of propriety as to attend an abolition meeting in Boston, as it is said, and to express himself kindly of them and their movement" (p. 506). In the offering of a petition purporting to be from slaves by John Quincy Adams in the House of Representatives in January, 1837, Calhoun read (p. 368) not merely the right to emancipate, but, "to express myself more strongly, and at the same time more truly, the act of emancipation; for the right to petition Congress is itself emancipation. It would make the masters but overseers, against whom the slave would have a right to appeal to Congress, as the absolute master of all." The presentation by the Massachusetts ex-President of the famous Haverhill petition praying for emancipation in the District of Columbia, in January, 1842, was resented as "the first open development of abolition towards disunion" (p. 504); and that motive was ascribed to Mr. Adams, though he moved reference of the petition for adverse report.

The name of no abolitionist properly so called, meaning the purely moral agitators and disunionists, occurs in Calhoun's own letters. Calhoun made no distinctions among anti-slavery men, and in 1846 he pictured "the abolitionists . . . headed by Adams and Giddings" (p. 679). Torrey was a Liberty Party man, and so was Lewis Tappan, who is mentioned casually in the letter of August 30, 1845 (p. 670). The Liberty Party itself is quite unmentioned. The Buffalo Free-Soil Convention of 1848 appears to Calhoun the possible forerunner of "the formation of two great sectional parties," with results leading to "great changes" (p. 761). Abolitionism, he writes on November 7, 1846, "has been forced into politics with you, and it must now be put down politically, or triumph with you, with all the inevitable consequences that will follow—disunion among others" (p. 711). On the same date he first speaks of "Wilmot's proposition." This, we believe, is the entire abolition gallery labelled by Calhoun, whose preference was ever for impersonal warfare on behalf of leading principles.

While ready to call a slave a slave in these letters, Calhoun resorted freely to the euphemisms of his section. He objected, in 1838, to the name Democrat for his party, signifying "those who are in favor of the government of the absolute numerical majority, to which I am utterly opposed, and the prevalence of which would destroy our system and destroy the South" (p. 400). In 1843, Great Britain was interfering in Texas "in order to act on our Southern institutions" (p. 555); and presently again, "our domestic institutions of the South" (p. 560). In 1846, "No one can realize the disasters which would follow the war [with England over the northwest boundary], should there be one. I fear neither our liberty nor Constitution would survive" (p. 677). That "liberty" meant "slavery" appears from a letter just one week later: "The abolitionists are all for war, with the avowed intention of crushing us and our institutions" (p. 679). He

urged J. H. Hammond, on September 28, 1845, to take the highest ground on the subject of slavery, saying that ten years ago almost everybody defended it "on the ground of a necessary evil, to be got rid of as soon as possible." At that time South Carolina was no sounder on this head than Kentucky (p. 672). His own position had been consistent from 1837, at least: "It [slavery] is the best substratum of population in the world, and one on which great and flourishing Commonwealths may be most easily and safely reared" (p. 369). Three weeks before his death he proclaimed the irrepressible conflict: "It is difficult to see how two peoples so different and hostile can exist together in one common Union" (p. 784).

Von Holst closes his *Life of Calhoun* by proposing, for "a new edition of works of the greatest and fiercest of pro-slavery fanatics," "a short appendix—the emancipation proclamation of Abraham Lincoln." We close this portion of our review with an appendix from the pen of that unimpeachable Confederate, Col. John S. Mosby:

"The real South is just at its birth. . . . Without the War of Secession the South could never have hoped to attain the future that is now certain. Slavery was a great incubus, paralyzing natural energy. By abolishing this wrong our war benefited every State south of the Mason and Dixon line. The negroes are producing more as free men than they ever did as slaves, and the great mass of the people are vastly better off to-day than they were under the old ante-bellum system. Socially, as well as industrially, the abolition of slavery was highly beneficial in its results to the masses, for slavery was a great wrong, and no community can exist in the highest state of happiness when its system is based on wrong."

THE NEW RUSSIAN NOVELIST.

Fomá Gordyéeff. By Maxim Gorky. Translated from the Russian by Isabel F. Hapgood. Charles Scribner's Sons.

The practised translator, Miss Hapgood, introduces a young Russian writer, Maxim Gorky, to English readers, through a novel entitled '*Fomá Gordyéeff*.' From her biographical sketch it appears that Gorky is a son of the proletariat. At the age of fifteen he had already seen enough life to afford material for future volumes of the sterner sort of realistic tales. He had served brief apprenticeships successively to a shoemaker, a draughtsman, and a holy-image maker, had tried gardening and occupied the position of cook's boy on a Volga steamer, where, he says, his superior, the cook, "exercised a lasting influence over my education." In Russia the cook's disciple is now hailed as the peer of Turgeneff and Tolstoy, and his translator advances the opinion that he "may accomplish results in the field of realism combined with lofty idealism and poetry, which will be tremendous additions to the literature of the world"—results which cannot yet be clearly foreseen, "because we have no standard of comparison for such an evenly balanced, powerful writer in whom these great elements have been so wonderfully united."

This opinion exhales that generous enthusiasm with which it is the luck of Russian novelists to inspire their English discoverers. Years ago they awarded to Turgeneff a niche exalted and aloof in the temple of fame. Then they chanted praise of Tolstoy so loud, so long, and with such happy unanimity that few dared to admit

a disinclination to accept him unconditionally and set him up above the gods of our own language, our own faith, and our own traditions. The boldest dissenters took refuge in paltry evasions, such as lack of sympathy with Slavic ideals or prejudice against books filled with unpronounceable names. We have suffered a good deal from the Russians and their friends, so when a new one is posted as in the running, we should at once resolve not to be intimidated by the shouting of his backers. Argument about what people may accomplish is never instructive, and no kind of race would be run if records were never broken. In the literature of the world Gorky may establish a record.

So far as he has gone, however, in this his first long work, he is very pointedly Russian. The English reader can hardly fail to feel that he is plunged into a society absolutely foreign, and that the foreignness has roots beneath habits and manners deep in the heart of the people. Gorky has an object in view from which he never flinches: it is to describe a large class of his countrymen, the "merchant class." This class rarely comes in contact with a higher class, and its relation with a lower class is that of a hard master with an unwilling and resentful servant. Its collective energy is given to trade and commerce, to money-getting without reference to honor or honesty or to the fine uses to which accumulated wealth may be put. It has no morals and no sentiment, and its religion is a formal thing, useful for ceremonies, to be had at a price. Its manners are base and its speech coarse to indecency. Gorky's description is a wrathful one; it is an exhibition of realism in an acute phase. Whether it is also truthful we cannot tell, just because in the Western nations, as the translator says of her author's genius, "we have no standard of comparison." *Fomá Gordyéeff*, in despair for himself, said that no good could be born of his class, and he sometimes took leave of an assembly of merchants with a hearty "Damn you all." The author's selection of such a nature (he is hardly a character) as *Fomá*, for the purpose of intensifying the impression about the class that he wishes to make, is a stroke of literary genius. Considered as a person, even a Russian person, *Fomá* is not quite probable; but he achieves the literary purpose perfectly.

The translator says that, in *Fomá*, Gorky "shows the gilded youth of all climes"; but we cannot agree with her. If this be true, our own "gilded youth" is sadly misunderstood. *Fomá*, like Cleopatra, had immortal longings in him. "I scold you," said his father, Ignat, a merchant prince, "because there is something in you that you don't get from me, and it is injurious to you." The strange and objectionable something which was really fatal to *Fomá*, he inherited, presumably, from his mother, a blue-eyed, taciturn woman (belonging to a sect called milk-drinkers) who at her son's birth had passed to the silence of death hardly more profound or mysterious than the silence of her life. Russian writers have familiarized us with this strange attribute, and we call it spirituality. The thing is rare among us, feeble, not disturbing us greatly, easily stifled. In the merchant class in Russia it appears to be rarer still, and a suspicion of its existence raises the cry,

"Crucify him!" Fomá could not even make a creditable fight for his soul. He had no intellect and a strong sensuality, which he did get from his father. Blindly, stupidly, despairingly, he strives to break the hateful bonds, of birth, condition, custom. When he tries to express himself, the words will not come, there is none to comfort or teach him, none even to listen patiently and try to understand. Once, when the pressure of hatred becomes intolerable, he expresses it by beating almost to death a man who has spoken ill of a woman, though he knows she deserves the opprobrious epithet. Again his loathing breaks out in a mad prank, and he tries to drown a lot of people with whom he has shared a gross and prolonged debauch. Drink is his only refuge from hopeless misery, and his only effective weapon against his enemies is vituperation. Drunk or sober, Fomá speaks his mind to the merchants with appalling directness, and at last they agree solemnly that he is mad, and shut him up in an asylum, where the sound of his ravings cannot shock their respectable ears.

All this seems to us very Russian, and not largely applicable as a criticism of life. This is not to say that the book is an ordinary one, to pass an hour with and forget. It is a remarkable book, because there is a man in it telling a tale of life that he believes, with passion, to be a true tale, telling it without artifice or compunction, and showing himself, too, naked with the rest. It is not a nice novel. It cannot be included among any of the kinds of novels to which the English are accustomed, and which, meaning vaguely many things or nothing at all, we speak of as "nice" or "very good." Yet it is far from being nasty, as D'Annunzio and other Latins dealing with what they are pleased to call life, are nasty. Perhaps no good would be done by the man who should write about us in the way that Gorky writes about Russians, but the experiment would be very interesting—it would make so many of us "sit up."

ANOTHER NOVEL FROM FOGAZZARO.

Piccolo Mondo Moderno: Romanzo di Antonio Fogazzaro. Milan: Hoepli, 1901. Pp. 461.

Were an author to attain great success with a novel entitled, let us say, 'The House that Jack Built,' he would do well not to listen to any suggestion of following it up by 'The House that Gill Built.' He should leave that to the less discreet among his admirers, or, better yet, to those who envy his fortunes. The chances are ten to one against the second work being as good as the first; and even if it be, by way of exception, the former will surely be used to give relief to its shortcomings, whether real or imaginary. It is not pleasant to say it, but this is exactly what has befallen Signor Fogazzaro. No one will ever dream of accusing him of wishing to trade upon the name of 'Piccolo Mondo Antico,' but none the less that charming book is the greatest enemy that 'Piccolo Mondo Moderno' has had to encounter.

The first thing that most readers say of it on finishing its perusal is that it is far from being equal to its predecessor. And it was not at all necessary to provoke the odious comparison; titles are not of divine ordination, and, aside from the suggestion in the names, there is no connection be-

tween the two books. Piero Maironi is the son of Franco and Luisa Maironi, but, for any determining influence that such a fact might have, there would have been little difficulty in making him the son of any other father and mother. The setting is not the same; the scene is laid in a city of the Venetian land, instead of upon the Lake of Lugano; the few incidents or details that have their rise in the former volume would have served as well without that connection. Still, there is evidence that the present story was planned as a sequel when the author wrote 'Piccolo Mondo Antico.' We are there told that the fortune of the Maironi family was of tainted origin. Franco Maironi made this discovery, but was prevented by circumstances from acting on it. In the present volume his son renounces all part in the ill-gotten wealth, but a hero may do as much even if he be not called Maironi. Indeed, it seems to us that it would have been better if Piero had not been the son of Franco and Luisa: the relationship only seconds the title in suggesting that unhappy comparison. You are reminded that the parents were both uncommon and interesting characters, while the chances are that you will not be slow in pronouncing the son a "muff."

The continual suggestion of 'Piccolo Mondo Antico' has, however, the advantage that, by dint of keeping the two so constantly together under our eyes, we finally get quite clear in our minds why that book is superior to its successor. Fogazzaro loves the little world of Valsolda with the best of his heart; he laughs tenderly at its foibles, and he grieves personally over what he must condemn. Towards the envy, the hatred, the intrigues, the mockery, the scandal-mongery of a provincial city, he could scarcely be tender, and he shows that, in his case at least, the finest humor is inseparable from love. That in 'Piccolo Mondo Antico' lighted up the depths of human nature; that in 'Piccolo Mondo Moderno' deals more with externals, and, notwithstanding its good nature, is more akin to satire. A similar distinction exists between the more serious parts of the two books. It seems to be an open secret that Franco and Luisa Maironi are drawn from the father and mother of the author. We must not conclude from this that Piero stands for Fogazzaro himself. The creations of the imagination are set around with mystery; they are somehow drawn from that consciousness in which we find within our very selves the possibilities of every crime, as well as of all heroism and devotion. The author's attitude toward his creature is determined by an inner Areopagus, whose decision is sometimes dictated by partiality, sometimes by passion, rarely by pure reason. Why should Barrie pursue with scourges his Sentimental Tommy? Why do we fancy we detect in Fogazzaro something like a shudder of aversion while unfolding the character of Piero, who may be a muff, but who is also a good deal of a saint? He registers without protest the opinion of the director of the insane asylum that the life of Piero will end in an institution such as that he presides over; as well as that of Bassanelli, his father's old friend, that he is daft and dangerous, a degenerate scion of his family. There is such a thing as the impartiality of an historian, but the novelist hardly stands so aloof from the favorites of his creation. The conclusion cannot be avoided that the portrait of Piero

is the result of a profound curiosity, as well as of imperfect sympathy.

In the little world of fifty years ago, the least among its denizens comes before us so palpitating with life that we at once accord to him or her our personal good will or our dislike. We accept the characters of 'Piccolo Mondo Moderno' as well observed, perfectly life-like, but we do not identify ourselves with them; the world is too large, and they—many of them—are too small. There are plenty of exceptions. Don Giuseppe Flores, a sort of Bishop Myriel, less dithyrambic and more human, said to have been drawn from a near relative of the author; the Marchesa Scremin, a meticulous housewife to the outer view, known to one or two as sublime in her unselfish devotion and purity; and, above all, the beautiful figure of Jeanne Dessalle, and that, barely shadowed forth, of her brother, would be worthy to rank with the finest creations of the author.

The city where the action passes is Vicenza; although its name is not once given, its identity is by no means disguised. "He entered the deserted Piazza Maggiore, just opposite the spectral magnificence [it is late at night] of the great, dark, many-eyed galleries that a glorious old master has girded about the decrepit and blind work of a more ancient brother, as some humanist might envelop with splendor mediæval ideas." The basilica of Palladio is not to be mistaken. The villa of the Dessalles appears to be the Villa Valmarano, with its wealth of frescoes by Tiepolo, belonging to the family of the author's wife. There is also the visit to the monastery of Praglia, which is described under its proper name, and so described that no reader will ever be wanting to any possible opportunity of visiting it. There is, in fact, so free a use of places, buildings, and people in and about Vicenza that one is tempted to think that this may be a *roman à clef*, and to wonder that the inhabitants of that city have not shown themselves scandalized. But that would be doing injustice to the author's delicacy and discretion: he has managed to give a picture of life in a provincial city that is far from flattering, and the city recognizes the portrait without being offended. It is as with the sermon of a popular preacher, the truth of which every one praises, as well as its adaptability to one's neighbors.

The humorous scenes and characters are, however, not the greater part in the novels of Fogazzaro: they are merely the ornaments and foil that set off the serious figures and their action. There is a purpose in 'Piccolo Mondo Moderno,' and one not altogether new with our author; it is in fact essentially that of 'Daniele Cortis,' which was to show that a man may resist a love which is not countenanced by the constitution of society. Piero Maironi, whose wife (with whom he was never really in sympathy) is now hopelessly insane, meets and loves Jeanne Dessalle, separated, by no fault of hers, from a brutal husband. He struggles obstinately against his passion, not like a Titan, as did Daniele Cortis, but rather like a monk; and, notwithstanding all his efforts, is in danger of finding it too strong for him. Indeed, he had yielded had it not been for the superior purity of Jeanne. In the circumstances, had they fallen, many would have thought with the director of the insane asylum, "che forse tutto il male non veniva per nuocere." They did not yield, how-

ever, and we, at least, will not agree with the French critic who thought the similar result in 'Daniele Cortis' of immoral teaching—probably because it seemed to him that to celebrate such victories was an encouragement to young people to love where they ought not.

An Anglo-Saxon might not give to Fogazzaro full credit for the nobility of his thesis. The Latin novelist in general takes it for granted that when a man or woman is tempted to an illicit passion, he or she will inevitably fall, no matter how desperate his resistance. An Anglo-Saxon, on the other hand, would take it for granted that duty *must* win in such a contest—at least, in a book. But the most uncompromising Anglo-Saxon would doubt of the sanity of Piero when, to escape from temptation, he gives all his wealth toward an experiment in coöperative agriculture, and then disappears from the world, probably into a convent. Property is not to be thrown away lightly, and a monastic life is but the sanctification of laziness; and in this view we are pretty nearly all Anglo-Saxons together. Piero, from beginning to end, has in him something of the mediæval saint, but sanctity is the crown of the struggle, and the rebellious flesh was for a long time strong enough to make of him an uncertain, wavering person, thoroughly uncomfortable and disappointing both to himself and to every one about him. The modern protagonist is seldom a hero, but the humanity of this one is put together in a way to make one sigh for Pelham or any of the portentous perfections of the past. In comparison, he could not fail to be amusing.

And yet, when all has been said, it must be owned that the inferiority of 'Piccolo Mondo Moderno' is not so evident when it is not confronted with its immediate predecessor, just as one might own that Thackeray's 'Virginians' was not equal to 'Henry Esmond,' but none the less was a novel that needed not to fear comparison with any other of that time. The appearance of 'Piccolo Mondo Moderno' was a literary event; it was eagerly waited for, and the number of the *Nuova Antologia* containing the first instalment was bought with avidity—for Italy, that is, where the literary appetite does not indulge in excesses. And it is only gradually, hesitatingly, that the judgment asserts itself, ranking it below its predecessor. During the reading, one is carried on by the charm of the style, the sober beauty of the descriptions, the interest that invests the character of Jeanne, and that is somehow extended to that *mauvais coucheur*, Piero, whose nature is indeed made up of heavenly harmonies, every chord in which is, however, somehow a quarter of a note out. And more than all, the volume is rich in amusement. The missing egg that deranges the domestic economy and serenity of the Marchesa Scremin, the clandestine meeting of the town council without its sindaco, the Commendatore's coffee, the affair of the assistant librarian's trousers, the great reception at Villa Diedo, are so many chapters of humor from the hand of a master. We have said that the humor of this volume is inferior to that of 'Piccolo Mondo Antico,' and we have since been informed by an Italian critic that we are woefully wrong in our judgment. Without having changed our opinion, we gladly record the contrary one, partly that we may give the

benefit of a doubt to an author whom, even in his less successful works, we always find so charming, and partly because we have an inner conviction that to a large class of readers, the class that in a novel look chiefly to the story, the sentence of our critic will be sustained. The narration in 'Piccolo Mondo Moderno' runs more smoothly from beginning to end than in its predecessor; in that, we may confess, we felt at times that the various phases of Luisa's grief after the loss of her child were somehow a "hitch" in the story. However that may be, there can be no doubt that, if Fogazzaro's last work does not shake the supremacy of 'Piccolo Mondo Antico' and of 'Daniele Cortis,' it has yet added another to the number of books that no student of the Italian literature of our day can leave unread.

Bolingbroke and his Times. By Walter Sichel. Longmans, Green & Co. 1901.

Mr. Sichel has evidently set out to write a history of English society, politics, and thought during the first half of the eighteenth century, with Henry St. John, Viscount Bolingbroke, for the central figure of his study. On the reverse of the title-page, and facing an impressive dedication, appears the heading, "Part I. The Reign of Queen Anne." And, though this volume is complete in itself, there is a hint in the last pages that the author will proceed to carry forward Bolingbroke's career after the date of the flight from England. The present part of the work deals largely with politics. We infer from Mr. Sichel's words that when he resumes the subject he will keep Bolingbroke's writings and intellectual influence in full view. Perhaps he will then attempt to do for Bolingbroke what M. Texte has succeeded in doing for Rousseau. At any rate, he gives promise of estimating the debt which Voltaire owed to the English deist.

"Most of the light and leading of those times will pass before us—Pope, Swift, Voltaire, Walpole, Carteret, Pulteney, Chesterfield, Bathurst, Cobham, Chetwynd, Cornbury, with all their brilliant galaxy. Above all, the great Pitt, rehearsing as a youth the greater part which was to rouse England hereafter to some of Bolingbroke's ideals. We shall find how largely Burke, who repudiated the fountain-head, has drawn from Bolingbroke, especially in his 'Appeal from the New to the Old Whigs'; how much Gibbon borrows in his History."

We make this forecast of Mr. Sichel's second volume because we have a strong impression that it will be a more satisfactory effort than the book which is now before us. The intellectual achievements of Bolingbroke, whether as an orator or as a writer, are great beyond all cavil, and can be appreciated without regard to the quality of his character. His admirer, therefore, will find it less hard to enlist sympathy when he writes of the 'Letters on History,' the 'Patriot King,' and the 'Craftsman' than when he is defending a tortuous course of political action. The weight of opinion against Bolingbroke's straightforwardness is now, and has long been, very heavy. The leading historians and men of letters who have had occasion to pass judgment agree in calling him clever but corrupt, clear-sighted but regardless of the public interest when it clashed with his own ambitions. Leaving out Johnson and Burke in the eighteenth

century, he has for his unfriendly critics Hallam, Macaulay, Carlyle, John Morley, Goldwin Smith, and S. R. Gardiner. A single sentence from Gardiner's elementary text-book on English history will show how he is dismissed when an estimate of his public life must be crowded into the fewest possible words: "St. John was a man of very great ability, who could make better speeches than any one in the House of Commons, and who looked on politics as a very amusing game, which was particularly amusing if it brought riches and power to himself."

Mr. Sichel takes exception to the general verdict and attacks the competence of the judges. "Throughout—as Lytton so justly observes in his 'Devereux'—he has been more discussed and less read than any great figure of the past." "Once more, to implicate Bolingbroke, he [Hallam] cites the false memoirs of Mesnager, which he himself discredits, and letters from Jacobite agents quoted in Macpherson, uncorrected by the much more important disclaimers included in the same collection. But the partiality of Hallam's account is as nothing in the scales when we weigh it against his misconceptions and lack of insight." "And yet Prof. Goldwin Smith has the hardihood to declare that Bolingbroke 'stood forth to uphold the prerogative of a corrupt and tyrannical House of Commons against the freedom of election,' and argues, from the absence on both sides of any scheme for suffrage, against the Tories, who alone at this juncture endeavored to amend the representation." The above quotations disclose the nature of the tone which Mr. Sichel often takes when referring to the statements of his predecessors. He feels that Bolingbroke has suffered from both ignorance and malice; and to render justice he comes forward not only with special information but with a new standpoint. "All our influential historians have been Whigs. Some vindication of Tory principles seemed, on an impartial review, indispensable. In every case I have cited authorities; and, if my assertions are impugned, my authorities must be rebutted also."

No one can call Mr. Sichel guilty of rashness for attacking the accepted idea of Bolingbroke's motives, and, on the whole, he fights his battle without showing undue confidence. He has studied the period with minute care, and also in a spirit which rises above disagreeable narrowness. Considered simply as a monograph on Bolingbroke, this book is the most elaborate study of his political record during the reign of Anne which has yet been published. It is marked by decided talent. It has fire and force. It contains passages which must reach the author's high standard of expectation. Yet to us it has not carried conviction, although from our delight in Bolingbroke's writings we should gladly see his political honor established.

We shall only express the opinion which we have just announced and let the matter rest there. Mr. Sichel's pages are packed close with detail, and cannot be fitly discussed unless one is willing to take sides and to justify one's position in a long controversial article. The reason why we have not been converted by his marshalling of circumstances and foot-notes can, however, be briefly explained. For one thing, he does not evince the "robust impartiality" which consists in allowing your opponent's posi-

tion its full strength, and, for another, he proves too much. He is so completely persuaded of Bolingbroke's sincerity that he assigns to the language of self-defence the same authority, which the most impersonal evidence would carry. He has been captivated by the eloquence of genius, and carries a strain of partisanship into his task of vindicating an ancient wrong. His merit (and it is one which will insure the volume wide attention) consists in his thorough grasp of English life and politics during the reign of Queen Anne. His shortcoming is an interpretation of the feuds of Whigs and Tories (and even of the different factions among the Tories), which makes the political history of the period hinge upon the superior patriotism of Bolingbroke.

Mr. Sichel has not, we think, been able to reverse the judgment of history upon Bolingbroke any further than Mr. Legge reversed its judgment upon Richard III., or Mr. Irving upon Judge Jeffreys. Still, he is an approved scholar and a coiner of striking phrases after the Balliol manner. His plea does not run to the length of extenuating Bolingbroke from the charges of libertinism, hot-headedness, and hardness. "Bolingbroke was not a tender man. It is a blot on his character. She [his first wife] must have been much fonder of him than he of her, and there were doubtless bickerings between them." As a forensic effort, the weakest feature of the book is lack of skill in presenting the leading issues. The attention is dissipated among a good many insignificant particulars, and the main points of the brief are not raised into sufficiently high relief.

Notwithstanding our unwillingness to accept Mr. Sichel's new portrait of Bolingbroke, we must conclude by saying that for a first venture this is a very promising work.

Calendar of Letter Books; Archives of the City of London. Letter Book C, circa 1291-1309. Edited by Reginald R. Sharpe, D.C.L. London. 1901.

The period dealt with in this volume, as the editor tells us, is "covered jointly by the two previous letter books"; but the contents of this are of more varied interest. It has much that illustrates the troubles attending the closing years of Edward I., and the sturdy efforts of the Londoners to recover and secure their rights; much also which relates to the commerce and trade of the period, the status of foreign merchants in England, the Jews, and the perplexities about coined money; and many illustrations of legal usages.

The study of these London records is amusing, as well as instructive to the legal and historical student. In the introduction one may read of the custom of "pin-drinking"; and, in the text, of efforts to prevent the sending of cloth to "the mills at Stratford to be fulled," instead of following the good old custom by which they were "to be fulled by the feet of men of the craft or their servants in their houses within the city"; and of the rules for keeping the city gates. "All gates of the city," runs an ordinance of 1282, "shall be open by day, and at each gate there shall be two sergeants of experience and eloquence (*scientes et eloquentes*), who shall keep careful watch," etc. Interesting is it, also, to observe the origin and long persistence of a

usage in the English tea trade, which resisted "vigorous efforts . . . in 1899 to abolish the custom," viz., that of allowing to a buyer four pounds in every hundred-weight, or one pound to every chest of twenty-eight pounds. Such had been the general London usage, in all wholesale trade (p. 128 n.), when, in 1303, in the interest of foreign merchants, the King undertook to abolish it. The expulsion of the Jews in 1290, we are told, had driven the King into the hands of the Lombard merchants for pecuniary assistance. His new "statute" was not obeyed, and in 1305 he issued a writ to the Mayor and Sheriffs of London reciting his order that "the weigher should weigh equally, and that when he had placed the balance evenly he should remove his hands so that it remained even," and directing that it be strictly observed, or cause shown. Upon this writ return was made as follows:

"The manner of weighing heavy goods (*averia ponderis*) [and so our *aver* (or *avoir*) *du pois*] coming to the city of London from time immemorial was, and still is, that the balance shall always draw towards the better, that is to say, towards the thing bought, and in that way the said goods are sold to archbishops, bishops, earls, barons, and other soever buying goods of that kind in the said city; and this custom and manner of weighing our ancestors have used, and we hitherto have used; and our lord the King has confirmed to us by his charter our liberties and free customs which we have hitherto used by grant of his predecessors the Kings of England. Wherefore we cannot nor ought to change the customs of his city used and approved by reason of the grant now made to merchant strangers to the injury and prejudice of his citizens, and also of the magnates and commonalty of his realm, especially since in the charter granted to them it is contained that weighing should be done in the manner in the said charter contained, when it is not against the lord of the place, or contrary to the liberty granted by the lord the King himself or his ancestors, or contrary to the custom of the villis and fairs hitherto observed."

A few years later, in 1311, as the editor tells us, the *Statutum de Nova Custuma* of 1303 "was declared illegal" and the ancient "liberties" of the great army of buyers were vindicated; and these still survive in London, as it would seem, at least in the single case of the comparatively modern trade in tea.

Encyclopædia Medica. Under the general editorship of Chalmers Watson, M.B., M.R.C.P.E. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. Vols I. to VI. 1899, 1900.

These six handsomely printed and illustrated volumes, which form, presumably, nearly one-half the series, should be welcomed in this country as a presentation of the views of some of the best physicians in Great Britain, upon a wide range of important subjects. Each volume comprises 500 to 600 pages, and contains treatises upon twenty-five to fifty subjects. These treatises vary in merit and in thoroughness, but many of them are of great value, and of sufficient length to stand as adequate presentations of the subjects treated. The special articles are too numerous to be reviewed in detail, but some mention may be made of a few of those which are of more general interest. Thus, in the first volume, the chapter on *adolescent insanity*, by the widely known Dr. Clouston of Edinburgh, is a thoughtful and interesting presentation of facts and arguments which are of vast im-

portance to every one, lay as well as medical; so much so, that one could wish that more than ten pages had been allotted to them. The therapeutic suggestions are excellent, but more thorough discussion of what to do and what to avoid, in the way of the moral and intellectual treatment of these youthful patients, would have been welcome, especially as giving hints for prevention. The important subject of *alcoholism*, and the various physiological and clinical questions related thereto are thoroughly and ably treated, though under a variety of headings. We note in passing that although, on the whole, a very temperate and reasonable attitude is maintained as regards the usefulness of alcohol, yet the current view is adhered to, that in so far as it is consumed in the body it is to be regarded as a food—a proposition which of late has been called in question. The subject of *surgical anaesthesia* also receives thorough attention in thirty-three pages, by Buxton, Ogston, and Teale, all thoroughly competent authorities. The American reader becomes aware of a slight shock on seeing it stated, in the paragraph on "Rival Anaesthetics," among which ether is the first to be mentioned, that, although these agents can be used with benefit under special circumstances, they are "unsuitable in the hands of the general practitioner, the country doctor, etc., etc., where chloroform is the only drug that can be advantageously employed." But the balance is righted by the next article, on *ether*, written by a convert to our ideas, which he presents with clearness and force. Even in the first of these two papers the dangerousness of chloroform is admitted, but the almost complete absence of danger attending the use of ether is not recognized as it should be.

The second volume contains a very full discussion of the *physiology*, and certain aspects of the *pathology and surgery, of the brain*, by men of the best reputation, in a series of articles covering 96 pages; and also a good review of *diet and digestion*, in 40 pages. One hundred and thirty-nine pages of the fourth volume are devoted to the *heart*, and in the sixth volume nearly 200 pages to the subject of *labour*.

The editor-in-chief contributes a number of important articles, among them one of 53 pages, upon *gout*. It is these long papers by competent authorities that give this *Encyclopædia* a good part of its strength and distinctive character. On the other hand, it will be felt by many readers as a defect that special subjects are so often treated apart from the main topic from which they really derive, though it should be said that in many cases local indexes and cross-references fully supply the missing links. The problem of the arrangement of a large encyclopædia is, of course, a difficult one. It is doubtless a mistake to be too formal and inelastic in classifying every special topic under some more general category; nevertheless, in this case, the editor has, perhaps, gone too far in the opposite direction. Thus, the article on *hydropathy*, rather inadequate at best, is in a different volume from that on *balneology*, though a closely kindred subject. So, too, the *gastro-intestinal disorders of infancy* are described in admirable detail, but in connection neither with intestinal disorders in general, nor with infancy in general; and the same may be

said of *adolescent insanity* and various other topics.

The work of the editors, proofreaders, and printers is of the best quality, and deserves all praise.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Adler, C. American Jewish Year-book. Sept. 14, 1901-Oct. 1, 1902. Philadelphia: Jewish Publication Society of America.
 Antrobus, Suzanne. The King's Messenger. Harpers. \$1.50.
 Arnold, Sir E. The Voyage of Ithobal. London: Murray; New York: G. W. Dillingham Co. \$1.30.
 Artigue, A. D. de. New Method of Geography and Mapping. Louis Weiss & Co.
 Babcock, Bernie. Justice to the Woman. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1.25.
 Balzac, Honoré de. The Chouans. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. \$1.50.
 Bates, Arlo. Talks on Writing English. Second Series. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.30.
 Bennett, C. B. Horace: Odes and Epodes. Boston: Allyn & Bacon. \$1.40.
 Besant, Sir Walter. The Lady of Lynn. New ed. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.
 Blountelle-Burton, John. The Year One. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.
 Boies, H. M. The Science of Penology. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
 Bourinot, J. G. A Manual of the Constitutional History of Canada. New ed. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.
 Brooks, Amy. A Jolly Cat Tale. Boston: Lee & Shepard.
 Brown, Abbie F. The Loneliest Doll. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 85 cents.
 Browning, Robert. Saul. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 60 cents.
 Bullock, S. F. Irish Pastorals. McClure, Phillips & Co. \$1.50.
 Chefs d'Œuvres of the Exposition Universelle, Parts 14 and 15. Philadelphia: George Barrie & Son. \$1 each.
 Church, A. J. (1) Stories from Homer; (2) Stories from Virgil. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 60 cents each.
 Crosby, J. S. Government. (Library of Liberal Classics.) Peter Eckler. 25 cents.
 Dickinson, M. F. John Marshall. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
 Dodge, Mary Mapes. Hans Brinker. New ed. Scribners.
 Emerson, Edwin. Poems. Denver: The Carson-Harper Co.
 Fraser, Mrs. Hugh. Marna's Mutiny. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.
 Genung, J. F. Stevenson's Attitude to Life. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 60 cents.
 Gerard, Dorothea. The Million. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.
 Graham, John. The Great God Success. Frederick A. Stokes Co. \$1.50.

Great Religions of the World. By Herbert A. Giles, T. W. Rhys Davids, Oskar Mann, A. C. Lyall, D. Menant, Lepel Griffin, Frederic Harrison, E. Denison Ross, M. Gaster, Washington Gladde, and Cardinal Gibbons. Harpers. \$2.
 Grey, J. G. Australasia, Old and New. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.50.
 Hobbes, John Oliver. The Serious Wooing. Frederick A. Stokes Co. \$1.25.
 Hocking, J. "Lest We Forget." Chicago: Advance Publishing Co. \$1.25.
 Hollander, Bernard. The Mental Functions of the Brain. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
 Hood, Paxton. Christmas Evans: The Preacher of Wild Wales. American Tract Society. 75 cents.
 Hope, Anthony. Tristram of Blent. McClure, Phillips & Co. \$1.50.
 Jekyll, Gertrude. Wall and Water Gardens. (The "Country Life" Library.) Scribners. \$3.75.
 John, Alix. The Nighthawk. Frederick A. Stokes Co. \$1.25.
 Kaers, Julius. Geschichte des Hellenistischen Zeitalters. Erster Band. Leipzig: B. G. Teubner. 12 marks.
 Kirk, Ellen O. Our Lady Vanity. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.
 Krauskopf, J. A Rabbi's Impressions of the Oberammergau Passion Play. Philadelphia: Edward Stern & Co. \$1.25.
 Lawrence, A. L. Juell Demming. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1.25.
 Leonard, Mary F. The Candle and the Cat. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 50 cents.
 Loomis, E. S. Original Investigation, or, How to Attack an Exercise in Geometry. Boston: Ginn & Co. 35c.
 Looney, Louisa P. Tennessee Sketches. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1.
 Madden, Eva A. Stephen: A Story of the Little Crusaders. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 50 cents.
 Mason, H. L. American Literature—A Laboratory Method. Philadelphia: Published by the Author.
 Matthews, Brander. Parts of Speech: Essays on English. Scribners. \$1.25.
 McCabe, Joseph. Peter Abélard. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
 Miller, J. R. Loving My Neighbor. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 60 cents.
 Murray, Alice E. The Ambitions of a Worldly Woman. F. Tennyson Neely Co.
 Murray, D. A. Atoms and Energies. A. S. Barnes & Co. \$1.25.
 Muzzarelli, Antoine. A Brief French Course. American Book Co. \$1.25.
 Naoroji, Dadabhai. Poverty and Un-British Rule in India. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.
 Neville, K. P. R. The Case Construction after the Comparative in Latin. (Cornell Studies in Classical Philology.) Macmillan.
 Otis, James. "Our Uncle, the Major." Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 60 cents.
 Oughton, C. M. Crazy, Creditulities, and Christian Science. Chicago: E. H. Colegrove. \$1.
 Prior, James. Forest Folk. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.
 Rae, John. Contemporary Socialism. Scribners. \$2.50.

Raymond, Evelyn. A Pair of Them. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 50 cents.
 Robertson, J. D. The Holy Spirit and Christian Service. American Tract Society. \$1.25.
 Robinson, H. B. In the Shadow, and Other Poems. Chicago: Published by the Author.
 St. Felix, Marie. Told by Two. Chicago: M. A. Donohue & Co. 50 cents.
 Schodde, G. H. The Protestant Church in Germany. Philadelphia: Lutheran Publication Society. 40 cents.
 Shafer, L. A. The Cup Races. R. H. Russell.
 Somerville, Henry. Jack Racer. McClure, Phillips & Co. \$1.50.
 Stanley, H. A. The Backwoodsman. Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.50.
 Steinmann, Ernst. Botticelli. (Monographs on Artists.) Leipzig: Velhagen & Klasing; New York: Lemcke & Buechner. \$1.50.
 Stoddard, Elizabeth. (1) Two Men; (2) Temple House; and (3) The Morgesons. Philadelphia: Henry T. Coates & Co.
 Stone, J. M. The History of Mary I., Queen of England. London: Sands & Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$4.
 Sutcliffe, Halliwell. Mistress Barbara. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. \$1.50.
 Swift, Dean. Gulliver's Travels. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 60 cents.
 Tennyson, Alfred. The Idylls of the King. (Astor edition.) Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 50 cents.
 Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. Reprints: (1) Southey, Robert. The Life of Nelson; (2) Parkman, Francis. The California and Oregon Trail; (3) Hudson, W. H. The Essays of Francis Bacon; (4) Macaulay, T. B. Historical Essays.
 Townsend, Meredith. Asia and Europe. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
 Townsend, Stephen. A Thorough-bred Mongrel. Frederick A. Stokes Co.
 Vaile, Charlotte M. Two and One. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.
 Van Dyke, J. C. The Desert. Scribners. \$1.25.
 Villier, Fredrik. The Black Tortoise. Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.50.
 Walpole, A. S. Little Arthur's History of Greece. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.
 Welch, A. C. Anselm and his Work. (The World's Epoch-Makers.) Scribners.
 Wellby, M. S. Twixt Sirdar and Menelik. Harpers. \$2.50.
 White, S. E. The Westerners. McClure, Phillips & Co. \$1.50.
 Who's Who in America, 1901-1902. Chicago: A. N. Marquis & Co. \$2.75.
 Wilson, C. D. The Story of the Old, for Young People. Boston: Lee & Shepard. \$1.25.
 Wilson, C. D. The Child's Don Quixote. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 60 cents.
 Woodroffe, Daniel. Tangled Trinities. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.
 Yale Bi-Centennial Publications: (1) Beecher, G. E. Studies in Evolution. \$5; (2) Hastings, C. S. Light. \$2; (3) Fensholt, S. L. and Pirsson, L. V. Contributions to Mineralogy and Petrography. \$4; (4) Goodell, T. D. Chapters on Greek Metric. \$2. Scribners.
 Yorke-Davies, N. E. Foods for the Fat. New ed. Brentano.

"A work of prime importance to economic students. While German in the thoroughness of its scholarship, it is almost Gallic in its style, and is, for the most part, decidedly interesting reading even to those who would avoid most economic treatises."
 —The Outlook on

INDUSTRIAL EVOLUTION. By CARL BÜCHER.

Translated by S. Morley Wickett, Ph.D. 8vo, \$2.50.

"Here is a book every movement of which is thought and felt and wrought, . . . and it is wrought in a manner that compels attention—you will hardly put the book down till you have finished it; and then . . . you will place it . . . above the shelf on which you have placed Zola."—Mr. Henry Harland on George Gissing's

"OUR FRIEND THE CHARLATAN." 12mo, \$1.50.

HENRY HOLT & CO., NEW YORK.

"A story of mystery without a peer." \$1.50

That Mainwaring Affair.

By A. MAYNARD BARBOUR
 J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO., Philadelphia.

Anthony Hope's New Novel

"TRISTRAM OF BLENT is, certainly, a book that deserves to be read. It shows a wonderful insight into character, and it is full of the brilliant and subtle conversation in which Mr. Hope so easily excels his rivals."
 —W. L. ALDEN in N. Y. Times.

At all Bookstores. \$1.50.

McClure, Phillips & Co.
NEW YORK.

Tristram of Blent

Read the new
Anting-Anting Stories

A Sample Story Free
Ask Your Bookseller for One.

Pocket Size Standard Novels.

Thackeray's Works and Dickens' and Scott's Novels. Thin paper. Large type, easy to read. Size 4 1/4 by 6 1/4 inches and only 1/4 inch thick. Bound in cloth, \$1.00 each. Sent prepaid on receipt of price. Prospectus free on request.

THOS. NELSON & SONS,
37 East 18th St., New York.

AUTOGRAPH
LETTERS

OF FAMOUS PERSONS
Bought and Sold.
WALTER R. BENJAMIN,
1125 Broadway, New York.
SEND FOR PRICE LISTS.

NOW READY

Modern Bridge.

By "SLAM." With a Reprint of the Laws of Bridge, as adopted by the Portland and Turf Clubs. 18mo, \$0.90 net. By mail, \$0.95.

LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO.

93 Fifth Avenue, New York.

F. W. CHRISTERN

(DYRSSEN & PFEIFFER, Successors),

429 5th Ave., bet. 38th and 39th Sts., New York.

Importers of Foreign Books; Agents for the leading Paris publishers; Tauchnitz's British authors, Teubner's Greek and Latin Classics. Catalogues of stock mailed on demand. New books received from Paris and Leipzig as soon as issued.

BOOKS AT LIBERAL DISCOUNTS. When calling please ask for MR. GRANT. Whenever you need a book address Mr. Grant. Before buying books write for quotations. An assortment of catalogues and special slips of books at reduced prices sent for 10-cent stamp.

F. E. GRANT, Books.

23 W. 42d St., NEW YORK.
 (Mention this advertisement and receive a discount.)

Autobiography of a Journalist.

By W. J. STILLMAN. 2 Portraits. 2 vols., 8vo, \$6.00.
 HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO.

ANY BOOKS, OLD OR NEW, SUPPLIED to out-of-town residents. Questions answered. Orders promptly filled. Liberal discounts. I. BAYLIES, 418 Putnam Ave. (Brooklyn), New York City.

BOOKS ON ENGLISH LITERATURE.

On Heroes, Hero-Worship, and the Heroic in History.

By THOMAS CARLYLE. Edited, with Notes and an Introduction, by ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN, *Professor of English in Dalhousie College, Halifax, N. S.* \$1.25. (Athenæum Press Series.)

Carlyle's *Heroes* has a special interest on account of its popularity and the peculiar manner of its composition. In the present edition, the text has been collated with that of the first three editions and the results placed at the foot of the page. The commentary has been compressed as much as possible, in order to keep the book within due bounds; but, at the same time, it is believed that no important point has been overlooked. In the composition of the introduction the editor has received important aid from Carlyle's letters, hitherto unpublished, which were kindly supplied by a member of the author's family.

Irving's Sketch Book. Edited by MARY E. LITCHFIELD, Teacher of English in Miss Folsom's School, Boston. 60 cents. (Standard English Classics Series.)

Selections from Five English Poets (Dryden, Gray, Burns, Coleridge, and Goldsmith). Edited by MARY E. LITCHFIELD. For introduction, 20 cents.

Bellamy's Twelve English Poets (from Chaucer to Tennyson). By BLANCHE WILDER BELLAMY. 75 cents.

Hudson's Life, Art and Characters of Shakespeare. In two volumes. Retail prices: Cloth, \$4.00; half calf, \$8.00.

Hudson's School Shakespeare. Revised and enlarged editions of twenty-three plays. One play in each volume. Cloth, 45 cents; paper, 30 cents. Per set (in box), \$10.00.

Hudson's Harvard Shakespeare (Complete works). In twenty volumes, two plays in each volume. Retail price: Cloth, \$25.00; half calf, \$55.00. In ten volumes, four plays in each volume. Retail price: Cloth, \$20.00; half calf, \$40.00.

Smith's Synopsis of English and American Literature. 80 cents.

Winchester's Five Short Courses of Reading in English Literature. (Revised Edition.) 40 cents.

Gayley's Classic Myths in English Literature. \$1.50.

Lewis's Beginnings of English Literature. 90 cents.

Athenæum Press Series. 24 volumes now ready. **Standard English Classics Series.** 23 volumes now ready.

GINN & COMPANY, Publishers

Boston New York Chicago San Francisco Atlanta Dallas Columbus London

Travel.

"And they gathered themselves together in cities."

URBAN POPULATION
IN 1900.

The growth in the population of a country and the manner of its distribution among cities, villages, and the rural districts is always an interesting field for study and investigation. The

NEW YORK CENTRAL'S

"Four-Track Series" No. 13 gives the population of all cities in the United States of more than 8,000 inhabitants according to the census of 1900, and a comparative table showing the population in 1890. It also contains two maps in colors.

A copy of No. 13, "Urban Population in 1900," sent free, postpaid, to any address on receipt of a postage stamp by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, New York Central Railroad, Grand Central Station, New York.

GOING ABROAD on a BICYCLE TRIP? Send for "Bicycling Notes for Tourists Abroad."

LEYLAND LINE

Sailing Regularly.

Boston—Liverpool—London.

Immense new steamers. First Cabin \$40-\$45 upwards, depending on steamer. S.S. "Devonian" (new), 11,000 tons, Sept. 18; S.S. "Cestrian," 6,000 tons, Sept. 25; S.S. "Winifredian" (new), 10,500 tons, Oct. 2; S.S. "Philadelphian," Oct. 9. S.S. "Caledonian" to London, Sept. 21.

F. O. HOUGHTON & CO., Gen'l Agents,
115 State Street, Boston.

EUROPEAN TRAVEL.

MISS WELDON WILL TAKE SIX YOUNG LADIES ABROAD.

Restricted. Highest References. Address, for Prospectus of the trip, MISS WELDON, "The Moorings," Howard, Pa.

A Drone and
A Dreamer

By NELSON LLOYD.

Author of "The Chronic Loafer."
Illustrated, Cloth, \$1.50.

"NOT IN MANY DAYS have we seen so excellent a mixture of the grave and the gay as is to be found in this book. Far superior to 'David Harum' or 'Eben Holden.'"
—Syracuse Herald.

J. F. TAYLOR & CO., New York.

A BOOK FOR LAWYERS

Speeches and Addresses
Of D. M. DELMAS

"Mr. Delmas is one of the most eloquent lawyers of the Pacific Slope, and his collected speeches, legal, political, and literary, are full of virile power and a positive genius for declaration."—*The Courier-Journal*, Louisville.

"His utterances are well worthy of preservation in this permanent form."—*The Dial*, Chicago.

A large octavo volume, severe classic binding, gilt top, deckle edged paper. 363 pages, \$2.50 net.

Published by A. M. ROBERTSON,
126 POST ST., SAN FRANCISCO.

TWENTIETH THOUSAND.

HEROD

A Tragedy in Three Acts.

By STEPHEN PHILLIPS.
Author of "Paola and Francesca."

Crown 8vo. Cloth. Price, \$1.50.

LONDON TIMES: "Here is a notable work of dramatic imagination; dealing greatly with great passions; multi colored and exquisitely musical."

POEMS. By Stephen Phillips. \$1.50.
PAOLA AND FRANCESCA. By Stephen Phillips. \$1.25.
MARPESSA. By Stephen Phillips. 50 cents. Leather, 75 cents.

JOHN LANE, 251 Fifth Ave., New York.

"A clear, succinct guide-book and a penetrative catechism. Such a book is sure to keep alive in America a knowledge of, and regard for, what is best in our imaginative literature thus far. That is a grand result in this rapid, modern age."
EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

American Literature,
A Laboratory Method

By H. L. MASON.

Professor of English at Drexel Institute.

"You might have found in Bacon a motto for your book; 'Prudent questioning is the soul of science.'"
—EDWARD DOWDEN.

PRICE, \$1.50

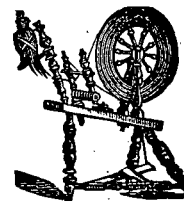
To be obtained at the Book Dep't of
JOHN WANAMAKER, Philadelphia.

RARE PRINTS,

XVI. & XVII. Century Armor, Old Delft Ware, etc.

Illustrated Catalogues sent free on application.

HENRY T. COATES & CO.,
1222 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.



Registered Trade Mark.

Wedding Trousseaux
And Other
Housekeeping Outfits.

The furnishing of these outfits has always been a specialty at "The Linen Store." Our vast assortment, without doubt the finest and most comprehensive in this country, affords the widest possible range for individual choice; many of the fine linens found here cannot be obtained elsewhere.

There is also the satisfying assurance that every article is exactly as represented and the best of its kind.

We have especial facilities for attending to the hemming, embroidering, and other important details upon which the effectiveness of the outfit so largely depends.

We should be pleased to send you our illustrated catalogue, which contains itemized lists of Trousseaux, costing \$100, \$250, \$500, and \$1,000.

"The Linen Store."

James McCutcheon & Co.,
14 West 23d St., New York.

MATTHEW ARNOLD IN THE
"NINETEENTH CENTURY."

"The New York NATION—a newspaper which I read regularly and with profit, a newspaper which is the best, so far as my experience goes, of all American newspapers, and one of the best newspapers anywhere."

THE NATION

an independent weekly journal, was established in 1865. Its contributors include the most prominent names in literature, science, and art, both in this country and abroad. It is emphatically found in the homes of people of culture and refinement. No intelligent American, desirous of keeping abreast of the best political and literary thought of the day, can afford to be without it. Subscription price, \$3.00 a year, postpaid.

Address

PUBLISHER OF THE NATION,
208 Broadway, New York City.